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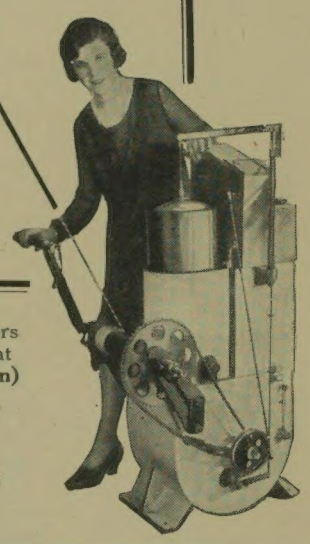
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1929.

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THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ROMAN QUESTION IN ITALY: THE OLD CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE POPE'S FLAG, WHICH WILL NOW BE THAT OF THE NEW "VATICAN CITY."

A Treaty of Reconciliation and a Concordat between the Holy See and the Kingdom of Italy was formally signed at the Lateran Palace in Rome on Monday, February 11, thus settling the Roman Question, which has been a disturbing factor in Italian life since 1870. The prospect of this highly important event was first officially foreshadowed in a guarded announcement made, on February 7, by Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, to the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Vatican. The subject is further illustrated and described elsewhere in this number. It was reported from Rome on the 10th that, in view of probable celebrations, an enterprising merchant had laid in a stock of 70,000 flags of the Papal colours, which are white and yellow.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE are dark and morbid moods in which I am tempted to feel that Evil re-entered the world in the form of Essays. The Essay is like the Serpent, smooth and graceful and easy of movement, also wavering or wandering. Besides, I suppose that the very word Essay had the original meaning of "trying it on." The serpent was in every sense of the word tentative. The tempter is always feeling his way, and finding out how much other people will stand. That misleading air of irresponsibility about the Essay is very disarming through appearing to be disarmed. But the serpent can strike without claws, as it can run without legs. It is the emblem of all those arts which are elusive, evasive, impressionistic, and shading away from tint to tint. I suppose that the Essay, so far as England at least is concerned, was almost invented by Francis Bacon. I can well believe it. I always thought he was the villain of English history.

It may be well to explain that I do not really regard all Essayists as wicked men. I have myself been an essayist; or tried to be an essayist; or pretended to be an essayist. Nor do I in the least dislike essays. I take perhaps my greatest literary pleasure in reading them; after such really serious necessities of the intellect as detective stories and tracts written by madmen. There is no better reading in the world than some contemporary essays, like those of Mr. E. V. Lucas or Mr. Robert Lynd. And though, unlike Mr. Lucas and Mr. Lynd, I am quite incapable of writing a really good essay, the motive of my dark suggestion is not a diabolic jealousy or envy. It is merely a natural taste for exaggeration, when dealing with a point too subtle to permit of exactitude. If I may myself imitate the timid and tentative tone of the true essayist, I will confine myself to saying that there is something in what I say. There is really an element in modern letters which is at once indefinite and dangerous.

What I mean is this. The distinction between certain old forms and certain relatively recent forms of literature is that the old were limited by a logical purpose. The Drama and the Sonnet were of the old kind; the Essay and the Novel are of the new. If a sonnet breaks out of the sonnet form, it ceases to be a sonnet. It may become a wild and inspiring specimen of free verse; but you do not have to call it a sonnet because you have nothing else to call it. But in the case of the new sort of novel, you do very often have to call it a novel because you have nothing else to call it. It is sometimes called a novel when it is hardly even a narrative. There is nothing to test or define it, except that it is not spaced like an epic poem, and often has even less of a story. The same applies to the apparently attractive leisure and liberty of the essay. By its very nature it does not exactly explain what it is trying to do, and thus escapes a decisive judgment about whether it has really done it. But in the case of the essay there is a practical peril; precisely because it deals so often with theoretical matters. It is always dealing with theoretical matters without the responsibility of being theoretical, or of propounding a theory.

For instance, there is any amount of sense and nonsense talked both for and against what is called mediævalism. There is also any amount of sense and nonsense talked for and against what is called modernism. I have occasionally tried to talk a little of the sense, with the result that I have been generally credited with all the nonsense. But if a man wanted one real and rational test, which really does distinguish the mediæval from the modern mood, it might be stated thus. The mediæval man thought in terms of the Thesis, where the modern man thinks in terms of the Essay. It would be unfair, perhaps, to say that the modern man only essays to think—or, in other words, makes a desperate attempt to think. But it would be true to say that the modern man often only essays, or attempts, to come to a conclusion. Whereas the mediæval man hardly thought it worth while to think at all, unless he could come to a conclusion. That is why he took a definite thing called a Thesis, and proposed to prove it. That is why Martin Luther, a very mediæval man in most ways, nailed up on the door the theses he proposed to prove. Many people suppose that he was doing something revolutionary, and even modernist, in doing this. In fact, he was doing exactly what all the other mediæval students and doctors had done ever since the twilight of the Dark Ages. If the really modern Modernist attempted to do it, he would probably find that he had never arranged his thoughts in the form of theses at all. Well, it is quite an error to suppose, so far as I am concerned, that it is any question of restoring the rigid apparatus of the mediæval system. But I do think that the Essay has wandered too far away from the Thesis.

There is a sort of irrational and indefensible quality in many of the most brilliant phrases of the most beautiful essays. There is no essayist I enjoy more than Stevenson; there is probably no man now alive who admires Stevenson more than I. But if we take some favourite and frequently quoted sentence, such as, "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive," we shall see that it gives a loophole for every sort of sophistry and unreason. If it could be stated as a thesis, it could not be defended as a thought. A man would not travel hopefully at all, if he thought that the goal would be disappointing as compared with the travels. It is tenable that travel is the more enjoyable; but in that case it cannot be called hopeful. For the traveller is here presumed to hope for the end of travel, not merely for its continuance.

Now, of course, I do not mean that pleasant paradoxes of this sort have not a place in literature; and because of them the essay has a place in literature. There is room for the merely idle and wandering essayist, as for the merely idle and wandering traveller. The trouble is that the essayists have become the only ethical philosophers. The wandering thinkers have become the wandering preachers, and our only substitute for preaching friars. And whether our system is to be materialist or moralist, or sceptical or transcendental, we need more of a system than that. After a certain amount of wandering the mind wants either to get there or to go home. It is one thing to travel hopefully, and say half in jest that it is better than to arrive. It is another thing to travel hopelessly, because you know you will never arrive.

I was struck by the same tendency in re-reading some of the best essays ever written, which were especially enjoyed by Stevenson—the essays of Hazlitt. "You can live like a gentleman on Hazlitt's ideas," as Mr. Augustine Birrell truly remarked; but even in these we see the beginning of this inconsistent and irresponsible temper. For instance, Hazlitt was a Radical and constantly railed at Tories for not trusting men or mobs. I think it was he who lectured Walter Scott for so small a matter as making the mediæval mob in "Ivanhoe" jeer ungenerously at the retreat of the Templars. Anyhow, from any number of passages, one would infer that Hazlitt offered himself as a friend of the people. But he offered himself most furiously as an enemy of the Public. When he began to write about the Public, he described exactly the same many-headed monster of ignorance and cowardice and cruelty which the worst Tories called the Mob.

Now, if Hazlitt has been obliged to set forth his thoughts on Democracy in the theses of a mediæval schoolman, he would have had to think much more clearly and make up his mind much more decisively. I will leave the last word with the essayist; and admit that I am not sure whether he would have written such good essays.



QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN DURING KING ALFONSO'S "INFANCY": HER LATE MAJESTY MARIA CRISTINA OF SPAIN.

Her Majesty Maria Cristina of Spain, who died suddenly during the night of February 6, at the Royal Palace, Madrid, was, in turn, Queen Consort, Queen Regent, and Queen Mother of Spain. She was born at Gross Seelowitz on July 21, 1858, first daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria. On November 29, 1879, she married Alfonso XII., King of Spain, who died in November, 1885; and then, despite political intrigues, she was made Regent. This position she held until the birth of her son, King Alfonso XIII., on May 17, 1886, governing on behalf of her elder daughter, the Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, who, as the birth of a son was possible, was recognised only as Princess of Asturias, heiress-apparent, and not as Queen. Her Majesty remained Regent until 1902, when her son attained his majority.

THE R.A.F. RESCUES A DEPOSED AFGHAN KING: INAYATULLAH'S FLIGHT.

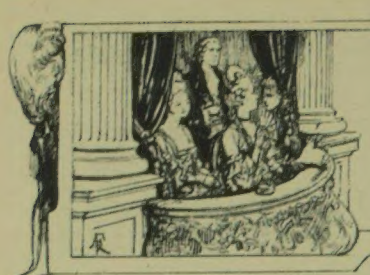


THE FIRST DEPOSED MONARCH RESCUED FROM HIS CAPITAL BY AIR: EX-KING INAYATULLAH (IN WHITE TURBAN) AMONG BRITISH OFFICIALS AT PESHAWAR ON ALIGHTING FROM THE VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRIER THAT BROUGHT HIM AND HIS PARTY FROM KABUL.

After his three-days' reign in Kabul (between the abdication of his brother, Amanullah, and the accession of the rebel leader, Bacha-i-Saqao, as Amir, by the name of Habibullah Ghazi), ex-King Inayatullah of Afghanistan was brought to Peshawar in a British aeroplane, with the Amir's consent, on Jan. 18, with seven women of his household. The ex-King expressed his deepest gratitude to the Royal Air Force for his rescue. He and his companions were very despondent on arrival at Peshawar, and he was anxious to remain in India as a refugee, but the British officials insisted on his immediate departure to his own country, according to an agreement between Amir Habibullah and Sir Francis Humphrys, the British Minister at Kabul. He accordingly travelled by special train through India to the Afghan frontier at Chaman, and thence by car to Kandahar to join his brother, Amanullah—a journey, altogether, of 2000 miles. It was stated on February 8 that, since December 23, 44 R.A.F. machines had evacuated 308 people in all from Kabul.



IN STRICT "PURDAH": ONE OF THE SEVEN WOMEN OF EX-KING INAYATULLAH'S HOUSEHOLD, WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM ON HIS FLIGHT FROM KABUL, LEAVING THE AEROPLANE AT PESHAWAR, CLOSELY VEILED.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



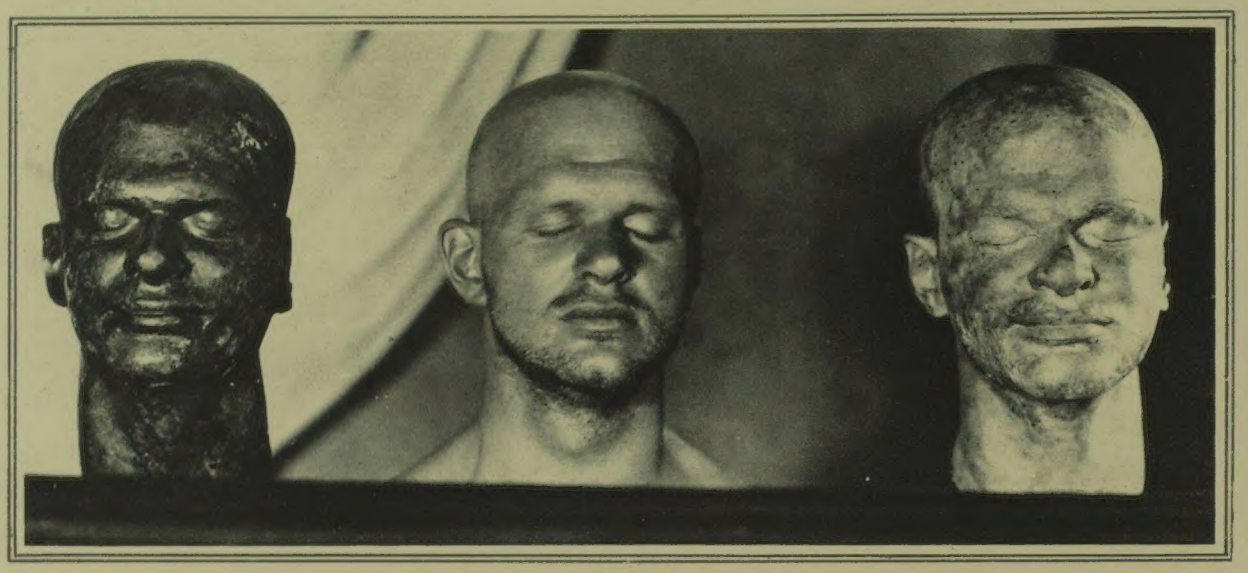
"PICCADILLY."

A VERY glamorous, glittering, highly-polished affair is the much-applauded Dupont production at the Carlton Theatre. The scenario was specially written by Arnold Bennett, who has been content to manipulate familiar material of all sorts, even to a neat adaptation of the golden hair left in the Prince's soup-plate by a humble but lovely scullery-maid. Frankly, the story scarcely lives up to its auspicious title, nor to the imagination of its famous author. Piccadilly—what a subject! What an ever-flowing, ever-varying tide of humanity the mere word conjures up! Dignified somnolence of palatial clubs, buses breasting the slope with lumbering determination, silver fox furs and white camellias, and the mud-bespattered art-silk legs of little shop-girls. Piccadilly!

Piccadilly—London—West—
That 's the street that I love best.

Thus sang the hero of a pre-war revue, and the sentiment of the doggerel has probably been silently voiced millions of times all over the world. I doubt whether the homesick Britisher would find his Piccadilly in the legendary night club to which Mr. Bennett has narrowed it down, and to which Mr. E. A. Dupont lends so cosmopolitan a flavour. The night club has apparently ousted Eros permanently from his position in the "hub of London," Piccadilly Circus. Fashionable idlers *en masse* invade its premises, drawn thither by the gyrations of Mabel and her handsome dancing-partner. The superb proprietor of the night club gazes serenely on his flawless creation—his dancing-girl, his dinner-tables, his patrons. Suddenly, a jar, a crack in the perfect surface. A diner has found a dirty plate! Outwardly still serene, but inwardly fuming, the proprietor stalks through his realm with the dirty plate under his arm, down to the nethermost scullery, where he finds the offender—a little Chinese scullery-maid who dances instead of attending to her business. The episode is by far the best and most human thing in the whole film, amusingly conceived, with a nice little dash of cynicism *à la* Dupont and extraordinarily well played by Mr. Jameson Thomas. The story then resolves itself into a duel between the English dancing-girl and her Celestial rival for the possession of their proprietor. The pendulum of passion swings from Piccadilly to Limehouse, until death calls a halt. The Chinese dancer is murdered by a jealous compatriot, whose confession releases the accused proprietor from an awkward situation. But, as the situation is never really more than awkward, the tension of the coroner's court, carefully worked up though it is, is inclined to slacken. Even the reconstructed drama in that over-lifesize Chinese love-nest—such as Limehouse never saw—seems to lack amidst all its *chinoiseries*, its painted glass, and giant gold-fish, the real pulse of humanity.

But, pictorially, Mr. Dupont is a magician. He swings his cameras about as if they were so many painters' brushes. What a sheen, what a surface, what grouping! What a triumphant vindication of our studios, though it took a foreign producer to reveal to us our own power. Mr. Dupont's method is deliberate. He draws every ounce of value from each of his situations, sometimes with telling effect; sometimes, when the situation itself is less convincing, with a tendency to drag. But his decorative contributions towards the situations, his detail-work and vision, are always amazing. His actors have responded to his demands with complete understanding. Anna May Wong reveals the development of Shosho from the slatternly little scullery-maid to the exquisite odalisque with infinite subtlety. Behind that inscrutable Eastern mask of hers lurks a menace that peeps out, now and then, in an evil little smile. It is a wonderful study, this *fleur de mal*, all the more wonderful since only recently Anna May Wong has shown that she can depict a loyal, tender-hearted little girl with touching sincerity. Equally complete, equally restrained in its Western key, is the portrait of the night club proprietor contributed by Jameson Thomas. Incisive and dominating in his business affairs, yet weak in the hands of women, the man might have failed to convince us without Mr. Thomas's arresting personality, his illuminating eye, and the slight touch of diplomatic cunning which he lends to the character. Miss Gilda Gray plays the English dancer with a pretty petulance, though her first appearance is marred by a dance-dress and head-gear of mid-Victorian ugliness and clumsiness. Even if the lady has to be fussily overdressed to accentuate the slim undress of Shosho, she might be allowed more becoming plumage. A remarkable thumbnail sketch of a disgruntled *gourmand* whose conscientious feasting is held up by a dirty plate comes from that fine character-actor, Charles Laughton. The tragic little Chinaman who finally kills his sweetheart is beautifully played by King Ho-Chang; and an excellent portrayal of a typical "dancing-partner" is given by Cyril Ritchard. The best film ever made in Britain? "Piccadilly" has been thus described on several sides, and to my honest astonishment. But the best-seller Britain has so far put on the market? Yes, undoubtedly.



THE "HAIRLESS MAN" OF "THE THREE PASSIONS," AT THE TIVOLI: ANDREWS ENGLEMAN (CENTRE), WITH BUSTS OF HIM MADE BY MR. REX INGRAM, THE PRODUCER.

Mr. Rex Ingram, the famous director of "The Four Horsemen," whose latest production, "The Three Passions," is now to be seen at the Tivoli, has, for a hobby, sculpture. Discovering a very fine subject in the Russian screen player, Andrews Engleman, who plays the "Hairless Man" in the Limehouse Mission scene in "The Three Passions," he amused himself in making several heads, two of which are shown here. The hairless man's assault on the heroine results in giving Love the victory over the other two passions—Religion and Money.



WITH A SKULL MASK MADE BY MR. REX INGRAM, THE PRODUCER: MR. CLAUD FIELDING, WHO APPEARS IN THE MASKED BALL SCENE OF "THE THREE PASSIONS," AT THE TIVOLI.

"The Three Passions," a film play by Cosmo Hamilton, tells the story of a young man's struggle between the claims of love, money, and religion. The scenes are laid in England, mainly at Oxford, at the ship-building yard of the hero's father, at the latter's country mansion, and at a Mission in Limehouse. The mask shown above is an example of Mr. Rex Ingram's skill in sculpture, noted under the other photograph on this page.

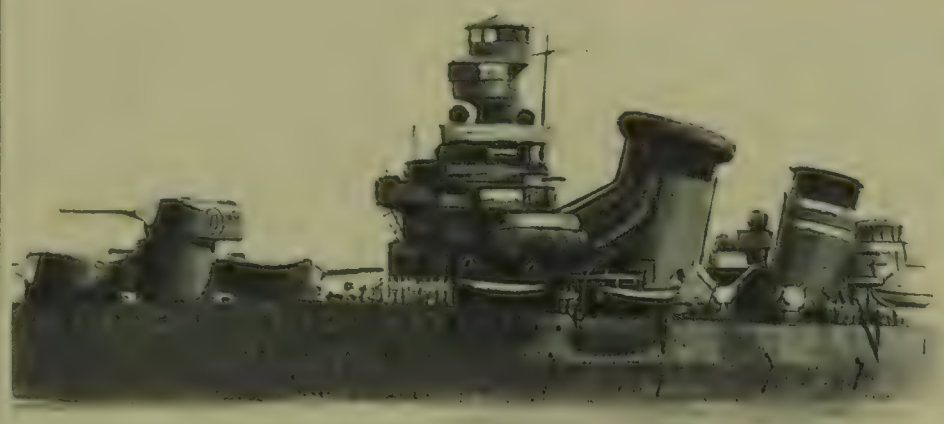
"TYPES AS OPPOSED TO ACTORS."

The work of the famous Russian producer, V. I. Pudovkin, is so overwhelmingly great that it should be possible to divorce the artistic and dramatic value of his film-dramas from their political and propagandist aspects. Such a film as "The End of St. Petersburg," shown by the Sunday Film Society, haunts the memory as a human document: a story of suffering and struggle told with gigantic power and vision. Whatever else it may be, it is a work of art of such dimensions that it entitles its creator to a respectful hearing. When, then, M. Pudovkin gave to the Sunday Film Society one or two of his views on film-production embodied in a brief paper on "Types as Opposed to Actors," one hoped to hear a few maxims of signal value to the advance of our own films. But M. Pudovkin was content to generalise on points where, to my mind, generalisation is impossible. He is, for instance, definitely opposed to working with film-actors, however great. His peasant-boy in "The End of St. Petersburg" is actually a peasant-boy. In a film in which he needed a group of uncultured Mongols, he used uncultured Mongols—so uncultured, indeed, that he had to resort to tricks to catch the mood he needed. M. Pudovkin is of opinion that the film-actor is always acting. Even in his moments of utmost sincerity, having made up his mind to abandon all artifice, he, the actor, merely succeeds in impersonating someone who is not acting! An amusing notion, this, on the part of M. Pudovkin, but is it more than that? So little does he think of the film-actor's art and so much of the importance of "montage"—in other words, editing—that he has tried the experiment of combining a close-up of Mosgoukine with three different objects at which the actor appeared to be gazing—a plate of soup, a dead woman, a playing child. Though the close-up was in every case the same, and therefore did not vary in expression, the law of contrast was so strong in its suggestion that the audience was moved by the fine acting of Mosgoukine! M. Pudovkin emphasises the importance of editing, seeing in the joining together of small bits of film and in their "inspired combination" the starting-point of film art. All this is no news to the film-makers, though to the ordinary film-goer this law of contrast, this "finesse" of editing, the fact that even the length or brevity of a single "shot" inspires various emotions

[Continued on page 288.

"UGLY DUCKLINGS" OF NEW NAVIES: WEIRD MASTS AND FUNNELS.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., JOINT EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS."



Japanese Cruiser "KAKO"



French Aircraft-Carrier "BEARN"



Japanese Battleship "NAGATO"



U.S.A. Aircraft-Carrier "SARATOGA"



Japanese Battle Cruiser "KONGO"

SUGGESTING PAGODAS, CHIMNEY-STACKS, LIFE-BELTS, AND "A GLORIFIED TOP-HAT": CURIOUS MODERN WAR-SHIPS.

"During the past year," writes Dr. Oscar Parkes, "a sort of naval epidemic has broken out which is characterised by the appearance of weird masts and funnels in war-ships the world over. The effects are most marked in the Japanese Navy, where experimental funnel fittings to prevent furnace glare being seen by aeroplanes at night are being tried out. That in the cruiser 'Kako' resembles a huge life-belt. It is fitted to the trunked fore funnel, and further accentuates her already extraordinary profile. Aboard the 'Kongo,' which once had a plain tripod mast and three equal-sized stacks, a huge lighthouse-like mast has been installed, the fore funnel has been raised and fitted with a clinker screen, and a sort of glorified top-hat now crowns the second funnel—an alternative type of glare-preventer. France has tackled the 'clear-deck' problem in her aircraft-carrier 'Bearn' by leading the huge oblong funnel out through the ship's side, while the U.S.S. 'Saratoga'—once designed for seven funnels—has all her up-takes combined in a monstrous chimney on the extreme starboard side of the deck, which encloses four funnels. On trials she has developed over 210,000 h.p., which justifies its size. The tower mast in our 'Nelson' has its counterpart in the Japanese 'Nagato,' which carries a pagoda-like erection of platforms and control-tops built around a seven-legged structure which, by courtesy, may be called a mast."

PICTURESQUE NATIVE CUSTOMS AMONG REMOTE PACIFIC ISLANDERS.



1. A PACIFIC ISLAND MOTHER'S METHOD OF CARRYING A BABY.

The commonest way of carrying a baby, in the Pacific island where this photograph was taken, is in a net-bag suspended from the mother's forehead and slung at her back.



2. A BUNA WIDOW COOKING, AND FONDLING A YOUNG PIG.

Buna widows wear an upper garment made of little white shells. The pig shown in the photograph is being gently stroked. It is not uncommon in this locality for a woman to suckle a pig.



3. A BUNA WIDOW WITH HER HAIR PLASTERED.

Buna widows, during the period of mourning after the death of their husbands, are accustomed to plaster their hair, and sometimes their faces as well, with clay and lime.



4. A SEA-SNAKE, OF A TYPE ASSOCIATED WITH A LOCAL LEGEND, CAUGHT AT AUA ISLAND.

The following story, headed "A Legend of Baarufu," accompanies Photograph No. 4: "There is a water-hole in Baarufu, and one day a man went with his wife to get *natzi* (a sort of bush-cherry). The wife stopped by the hole to wash, and the man remained close by. A big sea-serpent came along and ate the woman up. The man went to pull her out and the serpent ate him up too. Next day the villagers came and saw plenty of blood in the hole, so they knew that both had been eaten up. So they went away to get the aid of several men and then filled the hole up." Of No. 6 we read: "The *Apura* are an enrolled body of men who perform important functions at all feasts and obsequies of a chief. They wear a sort of coconut-leaf kilt, with a head-dress of the same material; their faces and bodies are painted black and red. (The root of the *nono* tree is used for paint.) Their legs and arms are so tightly bandaged with pandanus-leaf strips that they cannot bend them at the knees and elbows. This makes them move with arms and legs stuck out wide apart."



5. THE SMELL-KISS OF GREETING IN NEW GUINEA: LOCAL NATIVES WELCOME THE ETHNOGRAPHER'S ESCORT.



6. AN *APURA* OF AUA, PAINTED BLACK AND RED, IN HIS KILT AND HEAD-DRESS OF COCONUT LEAF.



7. A DANCER WITH A "HOMICIDAL BADGE" ON HIS FOREHEAD.

The description of this photograph reads: "A native dance (Mekeo). The fretted tortoise-shell ornament (Kotu) is worn on the forehead as a homicidal badge."



8. A "FACTION FIGHT" REGULATED BY STRICT RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

"Each warrior (says a note on this photograph) has a second in attendance, who holds a bamboo behind him to protect him from side blows. They fight with long staves, and strict rules of etiquette are observed."



9. A GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVE ON MANUS ISLAND IN HIS CAP OF OFFICE.

"The Luluai (Manus Island, Admiralty Islands). A native village chief, appointed by the Government as its representative. He wears the cap which is the *insignia* of his office."

Stone Age methods and Stone Age mentality still survive in certain out-of-the-way islands of the Pacific, among other remote parts of the world. In some of our previous issues (as in that of September 22 last) we gave some exceedingly interesting photographs of islanders living in such a primitive state of culture, taken on the spot by Mr. George Lane Fox Pitt-Rivers, the well-known ethnologist, who has done much field work in anthropology in New Guinea (Papua) and the Bismarck Archipelago, and has been President of the Ethnology and Anthropology Section of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Pitt-

STONE AGE WEAPONS AND FIRE-MAKING METHODS IN THE PACIFIC.



1. PAPUAN STONE AGE WEAPONS: STONE CLUBS, NOW VERY RARE.



2. AN ASSORTMENT OF FISHING-HOOKS ON A PANDANUS-LEAF ROLL; AND A BAMBOO HOLDER



3. TROCHUS-SHELL FISH-HOOKS IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF MANUFACTURE.

Notes supplied with the above photographs are as follows: (1) "Stone clubs are becoming very scarce in Papua. Since the introduction of steel knives and axes by white traders, natives have ceased to make stone weapons, except in the most inaccessible mountainous regions of the interior. The inland tribes formerly made stone clubs in large quantities, and bartered them for ornaments and produce to the coastal natives. The coastal natives now introduce the steel axes of the white man into the interior. (2) Some of these objects are on exhibition in the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford. (3) The trochus shell is ground down with a hard wet pumice, and with coral files. (Aua exhibits presented to Melbourne Museum.)"



4. A VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND OF AUA: HOUSES OF VARIOUS TYPES; AND A GIRL HUSKING A COCONUT.



5. SECLUDED QUARTERS FOR UNMARRIED YOUTHS, BARRED FROM THE VILLAGE STREET BY DAY: A *GUOVE* AT AMO-AMO.

No. 4 is entitled: "Aua village. The different types of houses are (from left to right)—*vanoia* (living house); *uva* (bachelors' house); a provisions house on piles; *rufu* (girls' house); and (extreme right) *torro* (open-sided shelter)." Of No. 5 we read: "When there are only two opposite rows of houses, as in the small village of Amo-Amo, the window and entrance of the *guove* are carefully concealed by hanging grass curtains. Boys on approaching the age of puberty assume the perineal band of bark cloth and sleep in the *guove* until they become 'complete men' and take a wife. During this period, as among the Roro tribes, the youths must not be seen in the village main street until after sundown. They may only approach the village from the back. If an unmarried boy sauntered through the centre of the village in the day-time, he would be greeted by jeers from the women and girls, who would shout, 'Where is your woman?' The *guove* might also be used to accommodate young visiting tribesmen not important enough to be entertained in the *ufu*, reserved for married men."



6. MAKING FIRE BY FRICTION: A PACIFIC ISLAND METHOD OF STRIKING A "MATCH" THAT TAKES SIX MEN TO HOLD IT.

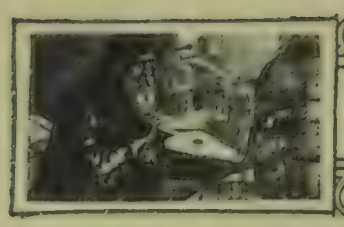


7. THE BIG "MATCH" STRUCK: KINDLING A TINDER STICK AFTER THE SMOULDERING WOOD HAS BEEN BLOWN INTO FLAME.

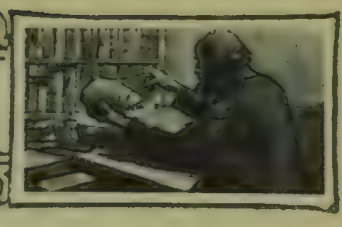
An explanatory note on Nos. 6 and 7 says: "Men of the Manugalasi district (as here seen) making fire. A dry pole is selected and split at the end; then a wedge is inserted into the split. A split vine drawn briskly to and fro across the crack soon makes the wood smoulder. It is then blown into flames, while a prepared tinder stick is kindled."

Continued.]

Rivers has now provided us with a further series of photographs, of equal interest (here reproduced) which illustrate similar conditions in various islands of that region. He has written extensively on subjects relating to ethnography, psychology, and eugenics. His latest work, "The Clash of Culture and the Contact of Races" (noticed in our pages a few months ago), is not only of great scientific value, but also emphasises the importance of anthropological study among colonial administrators, to fit them for handling native problems with understanding and sympathy, and the urgent need for the endowment of such research in the Pacific.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MAN'S NEAREST KINSMAN AMONG THE APES: THE ERECT AND TAIL-LESS GIBBON.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

EVERY year somewhere round about one million people make a pilgrimage to the "Zoo"; but of that vast host only a few go for any particular reason. For the most part, the visit is paid because it affords some sort of pleasure just to see "wild animals." They stroll from one to another, noting that this is "hideous" and that is "lovely," but discerning nothing. "Eyes have they, and see not." Doubtless many will go to see the recently added "Silvery Gibbon," or "Wou-Wou." And what will they see? Just a monkey. It is that, and much more. To see the silvery gibbon really, one must compare it not merely with other species of gibbons, but with all the other species of monkeys to be found in the Gardens, ranging from tiny marmosets to the orang and chimpanzee.

Not merely should differences in their coloration and the quality of their fur be noted, but, among other things, the relative lengths of their limbs and tails, or the absence of a tail. Such notes, of course, in themselves are quite useless unless, and until, one comes to ask, "What is the meaning of these differences?" A further and most important point to be looked for is the width of the partition, or *septum*, between the nostrils, for by this token we can distinguish between the monkeys of the American continent and those of the rest of the world. For in the Old World types this partition is narrow, while in those of the New World it is conspicuously wide. This is not merely an interesting fact in regard to the matter of their geographical distribution. There is much more behind it. Why, for example, should there be this difference? Again, as touching this matter of the geographical distribution of the monkeys, it is worth noting that in the distant past there were monkeys in the forests of what is now "our England." This much we know because, some years ago, monkey-bones were found in the Norfolk forest-bed by Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, who has made a special study of our ancient and extinct fauna; and a tooth from the Thames Valley has been described by Owen.

Let us return now to the gibbons. These, with the orangs, chimpanzees, and gorillas, form a group by themselves—the family *Simiidæ*, the most highly organised of all the apes, and thus the nearest in their structure to man.

It will be noted that they have no tail, and that they have grown out of that ill-bred habit of storing food in cheek-pouches. The enormous length of the arms and the relatively short legs are perhaps the most arresting features of these animals, which, it is to be noted, are the only apes which habitually walk upright. Yet their home is rather in the tree-tops than on the ground. What their method of progress here is like is indicated by the extraordinary agility in leaping which they display, even in the necessarily confined space of a cage. In their native wilds they spring from branch to branch and from tree to tree, covering in each leap prodigious distances. They walk with the arms held either horizontally or raised up, and with a waddling gait, but with the sole flat on the ground and the big toe widely spread.



FIG. 1. MORE LIKE THE HUMAN PALATE THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER APE: THE PALATE OF THE WHITE-HANDED GIBBON.

The form of the palate in the Gibbons more nearly resembles the human type than any other of the apes: the molars, or cheek-teeth, have been described as "very like diminutive human molars." In the long, tusk-like canine teeth, however, and the gap between them and the front teeth, the skull of the Gibbons is quite unlike that of man.

Their food consists of fruit, leaves, insects, and spiders, for which they seem to have a great fondness, as well as birds' eggs and birds and lizards. They drink either by putting their mouth down to the water or carrying it to the mouth in their hands. They display a great fondness for "community-singing," and such "concerts" can be heard at a great distance. But, while some species seem to have developed a special "sounding-box" for these musical gatherings in the form of a large throat-pouch, others lack this, though they contrive to make their voices carry just as far. The "concert," to human ears, is somewhat discordant.

The largest of the gibbons is the Siamang of Sumatra, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2). It is also the least agile, in comparison with the rest of its tribe. In coloration it is of a uniform black, and it presents two structural peculiarities worth noting. The hair of the fore-arm, it will be seen, is directed from the wrist towards the elbow, not *vice versa*, as is the rule. Further, the second and middle toes are joined together by a web of skin extending, in the male, as far as the last joint, in the female as far only as the middle joint. As showing the great length of the arms in these animals, Wallace measured a specimen which stood about three feet high, and had a span, from hand to hand stretched at right angles to the body, of five feet six inches. In man the span of the arms is less than the height.

The white-handed gibbon is a much more slender animal, and stands no more than two feet six inches. A band will sometimes raid gardens, and on alarm will escape to the trees, carrying their plunder with their feet, so as to leave the hands free as they leap from tree to tree further into the forest for safety. The great length of the hand and the opposable hind-toe are well shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3).

My friend Dr. Charles Hose, in his delightful book, "Natural Man," a summary of his long sojourn in Borneo, remarks that the Iban—one of the native tribes of Borneo, but probably migrants from Sumatra—have a belief in an "Unknown Helper," who firsts manifests himself in human form, announcing to a member of the tribe that he will be his "secret helper," and perhaps informing him, in a dream, in what shape he will appear in future. After such a dream, the tribesman wanders through the forest looking for a sign by which he may recognise his guardian. Any animal which behaves at all unusually will be accepted. Dr. Hose met one man who would not kill a gibbon because it was the guardian of his grandfather. A man, he said, came to his grandfather in a dream, and said, "Do not kill a gibbon," and then immediately turned into one. The gibbon helped his grandfather to become rich, and helped him in all sorts of ways. Once, when his grandfather was setting out on the war-path, his guardian spoke to him in a dream, and said, "Go forward, and I will help you." The next day the old man saw in the jungle a grey gibbon, which was undoubtedly his guardian. When he died he bade his sons "Never harm or kill a gibbon," and his sons and grandsons have obeyed him ever since.

I have said enough, I hope, to show you that the gibbons are something more than "just monkeys."



FIG. 2. THE LARGEST AND LEAST AGILE OF ALL THE GIBBONS: THE SIAMANG OF SUMATRA, NOTABLE FOR WEBBED TOES AND FUR OF THE FOREARM SLOPING BACK FROM THE WRIST.

The Siamang of Sumatra is the largest of all the Gibbons, and presents an interesting peculiarity in the direction of the hair of the forearm, which slopes from the wrist towards the elbow, instead of vice-versa, as is the rule. Further, the second and middle toes are joined together by a web of skin.—[*Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.*]



FIG. 3. OF AN APE-TRIBE MUCH GIVEN TO "COMMUNITY SINGING": THE WHITE-HANDED OR LAR GIBBON, CALLED THE "HOOLOCK," FROM ITS HUMAN-LIKE WAIL.

The White-handed or Lar Gibbon shares with all the other species of the genus Hylobates the name "Hoolock," from its peculiar double-call, a wailing and very human sound, audible at a great distance. This photograph shows the long hand and the opposable hind-toe.—[*Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.*]

THE "BENJAMIN" OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS:

CANFORD—A "STATELY HOME" OF EDUCATION ON THE SITE OF A HISTORIC MANOR.



CANFORD SCHOOL FROM THE AIR: A GENERAL VIEW.

The old Manor of Canford was granted by the Conqueror to the Eureaux family. The Manor House was pulled down in 1765. Part of the present house was built by Blore, in the reign of George IV., for Lord de Mauley, and the rest, in 1843, by Sir Charles Barry for Sir J. J. Guest. A new wing was added in 1887.



THE PARISH CHURCH, USED AS THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.

The Parish Church of Canford, which is situated in the school grounds, is used in all respects as the School Chapel, by permission of the Vicar. On Sundays the services are at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.; on week-days, at 9 a.m. The Headmaster may admit boys of any creed to the School, but they are expected to attend all the School services.



A UNIQUE FEATURE OF THE SCHOOL: THE ROYAL TENNIS COURT.

The Royal Tennis Court at Canford, for the original game that is the parent of lawn-tennis, is a unique feature of the School. There are also two hard courts and three grass courts for lawn-tennis, besides a Racquets Court and a Fives Court. Instruction is given both in royal tennis and lawn tennis.



RIDING AS A SCHOOL RECREATION: SADDLING-UP AT THE NEW STABLES.

Canford believes in the value of horsemanship, and the new stables are evidence of the demand for riding instruction. The School owns twelve horses, and about eighty boys are rapidly becoming good riders. Lessons are given daily by expert instructors, and the School Park and Canford Heath afford excellent opportunities for this exercise.



THE LIBRARY: A MAGNIFICENT ROOM WELL PROVIDED WITH BOOKS.

One of the most remarkable features of the interior of Canford School, which, as Canford Manor, was formerly the seat of Lord Wimborne, is the magnificent Library. The valuable collection of books which it contains was the gift of the Dowager Lady Wimborne. Such a library may well be called a paradise for the studious boy.



THE HALL AT CANFORD: THE CENTRAL FEATURE IN A SCHOOL OF STATELY BUILDINGS.

The great Hall at Canford School is a noble apartment, in keeping with the rest of the buildings. The architectural dignity of his surroundings has no little influence in shaping a boy's mind. In this respect Canford is peculiarly fortunate.

In Mr. C. H. K. Marten's recent articles on Public Schools in the "Times," Canford was described as "the 'Benjamin' of that family." It is a very vigorous youngest son. The numbers, we learn, have already reached over 250, and the rapid increase has necessitated the addition of new class rooms and dormitories. It is not an easy task to add to the main building, the beautiful Canford Manor, begun in Saxon times and containing the famous thirteenth-century kitchen called John of Gaunt's, which was completed for Lord Wimborne by Sir Charles Barry towards the end of the nineteenth century. The new wing to the main building, and a sanatorium, were recently opened; and a wing has been added to the building called Court House. Canford Park provides wonderful playing fields.

THE KING'S REMOVAL TO THE SEA AT ALDWICK BY MOTOR-AMBULANCE; AND THE QUEEN'S FASTER DRIVE TO WELCOME HIM ON ARRIVAL.



SHOWING THE ROYAL BADGE (A SHIELD BEARING A CROWN) ON THE FRONT OF THE CAR ROOF: THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT ALDWICK, GREETED BY GIRLS.



WITH THE ROYAL STANDARD FLYING FROM THE MAST, INDICATING THE KING'S PRESENCE: CRAIGWEIL HOUSE, ALDWICK—A VIEW FROM THE BOGNOR SIDE, LOOKING WESTWARD ALONG THE SHORE.



THE RAILING ACROSS THE BEACH ENCLOSING THE PRIVATE FORESHORE IN FRONT OF CRAIGWEIL HOUSE (IN LEFT BACKGROUND): A VIEW LOOKING EAST TOWARDS BOGNOR.



BESIDE A CAR BEARING THE ROYAL ARMS—AS THE AMBULANCE: MR. HOBBERTS, THE KING'S DRIVER, WHO DROVE HIM TO ALDWICK.



AN INCIDENT OF THE KING'S JOURNEY: THE MOTOR-AMBULANCE AT BURY HILL, NEAR ARUNDEL, FOLLOWED BY THE CAR WITH HIS DOCTORS, LORD DAWSON OF PENN AND SIR STANLEY HEWETT, AND GREETED BY WAYSIDE SPECTATORS, AS ALL THE WAY.



PEOPLE OF DORKING GATHERED TO WAVE GOOD WISHES TO THE KING: PART OF THE PROCESSION OF CARS (EACH BEARING THE ROYAL BADGE) PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN.



THE QUEEN'S DRIVE TO ALDWICK BY ANOTHER ROUTE, AHEAD OF THE KING'S MOTOR-AMBULANCE: HER MAJESTY IN HER CAR, WITH LADY BERTHA DAWKINS.

On Saturday, February 9, in a motor-ambulance, the King safely made the journey from Buckingham Palace to Craigweil House, Aldwick, near Bognor a distance of sixty-four miles by road passing on the way through Leatherhead, Dorking, Horsham, Billingshurst, and Fulbereugh. Although the route had not been announced, every village had its gathering of sympathetic onlookers, cheering and waving their good wishes for his recovery. The journey began at 10.30 a.m., and took just under three hours. The ambulance car left the Palace first, with Nurse Purdy in attendance on the King. In the car immediately following were his medical advisers, Lord Dawson of Penn and Sir Stanley Hewett. The next car contained the King's Equerries—Col. Sir Clive Wigram and Lt.-Col. Reginald Seymour, and the Master of the Household, Sir Derek Keppel. In the fourth car were four St. John Ambulance men, who had carried his Majesty from his bedroom to the motor-ambulance. The Queen left the Palace five minutes later and motored to Aldwick by another route. She arrived half an hour before the

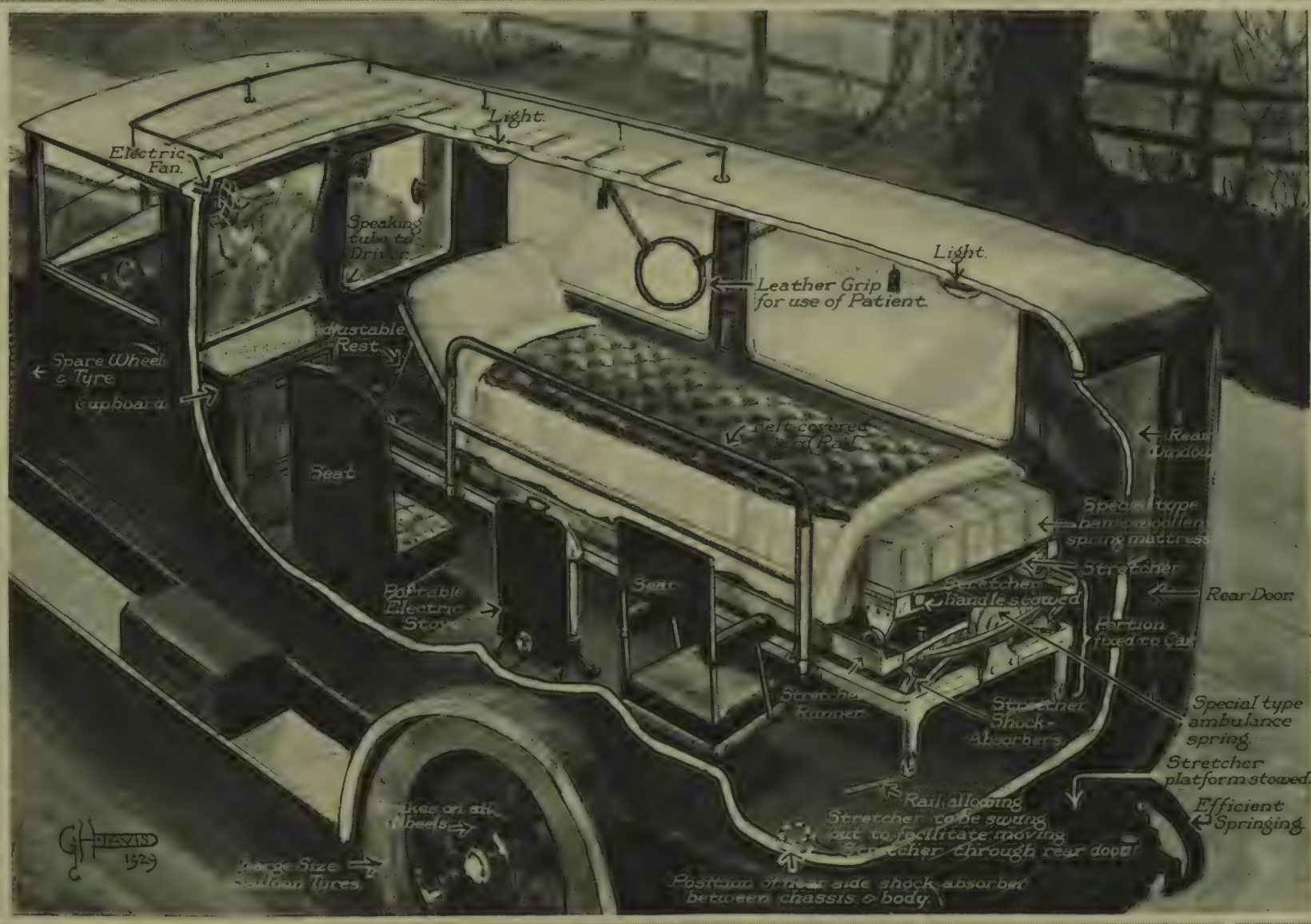
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HIS MAJESTY'S FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE HIS ILLNESS BEGAN.

THE DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE KING ON HIS WAY FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO CRAIGWEIL HOUSE, ALDWICK, NEAR BOGNOR: A GLIMPSE OF HIS MAJESTY LYING ON A BED INSIDE THE MOTOR-AMBULANCE, WITH HIS HEAD RAISED ON A PILLOW TO ENABLE HIM TO SEE THE COUNTRYSIDE THROUGH THE WINDOWS.



THE DAIMLER LIMOUSINE AMBULANCE IN WHICH THE KING MADE THE 64-MILE DRIVE TO THE SOUTH COAST: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SHOWING DETAILS OF THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS, AND ESPECIALLY THE ELABORATE SHOCK-ABSORBING SYSTEM THAT PREVENTED JOLTS TO THE PATIENT.

Continued.]

King, and was at the porch of Craigweil House to welcome him. Immediately on his arrival, the Royal Standard was broken at the masthead in the grounds. The limousine ambulance which was used to convey the King is notable for the very excellent way it is sprung, so that the usual road shocks shall not jar the patient. Mounted on a 45-h.p. Daimler chassis, provided with the usual efficient Daimler springing, the body is also fitted with two shock-absorbers between it and the rear chassis members. The stretcher-bed has an elaborate shock-absorbing system of its own. On the stretcher was placed a special type of hair and woollen spring-mattress, so that the whole system, working together, absorbed every road jolt before it reached the patient. Under the rear portion of the body is stowed a special platform that forms an inclined plane up to the floor of the ambulance when required. The stretcher has wheels which run on two tracks on the top rail of the fixed portion. The ambulance was designed by Mann Egerton and Co., of Norwich, and [illegible] Hire, Ltd.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON the eve (if I may so stretch that elastic term) of a General Election in which some five million new feminine voters will be qualified to poll on equal terms with men, it may be apposite to dwell for a moment on the contrast between the social position of women to-day and that of five thousand years ago. I am prompted to such a comparison by the simultaneous appearance, on my list of victims, of two books representing respectively the beginning and end of that period, and I am wondering what the late King Mes-kalam-dug, who reigned in Abraham's city, Ur-of-the-Chaldees, during the fourth millennium B.C., would have thought of the Lyceum Club. I rather fancy it was not the kind of club he "ever did see" in his dealings with the fair

Though history has not preserved Mes-kalam-dug's views on the subject of equal franchise, some hints may be gleaned from a small but highly important archæological work to which I referred briefly last week—namely, "THE SUMERIANS." By C. Leonard Woolley. Illustrated (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 6s.). I need hardly recall "among those who know" (as Thucydides would put it) that Mr. Woolley is the leader of the joint expedition to Mesopotamia from the British Museum and the Museum of Pennsylvania University, for he has regularly contributed to our pages illustrated records of his wonderful discoveries—the last one only a few weeks ago. The present volume is based on the previous results of the expedition, and gives a concise survey of that forgotten civilisation which he has done so much to remove from the realm of myth and conjecture to that of ascertained fact. His little book is of absorbing interest not only to anyone who can feel the romance of the remote past, but especially to students of history concerned with the evolution of human culture. It reveals a new starting-point in the pedigree of civilisations.

One can hardly blame a dead man for bloodthirsty deeds done in honour of his funeral, but doubtless Mes-kalam-dug was aware that the ladies of his harem, reluctantly or otherwise, would prematurely share his grave. Perhaps they did so in the spirit of devotion sometimes associated, even in comparatively recent times, with the Indian custom of *suttee*. Perhaps not. Nor is there apparently any evidence as to the exact manner of their "taking off." Dr. Spilsbury himself could hardly specify the cause of death, and it was probably something less humane than arsenic. But let us hear what Mr. Woolley has to say: "The burial of the Kings was accompanied by human sacrifice on a lavish scale, the bottom of the grave pit being crowded with the bodies of men and women, who seem to have been brought down here and butchered where they stood." In the more recently discovered burial (illustrated in our issue of January 26) the number of victims was over seventy—"mostly women."

While emphasising this feature of Sumerian life, by way of contrast with the modern treatment of women, I must point out that it is far from being the only point of interest in the discoveries at Ur. The relics of Sumerian art found at the same time are equally astonishing. The beautiful objects lately placed on view at the British Museum show that, by 3500 B.C., the Sumerians had reached a very high level of culture, and may, indeed, be considered the forerunners of all the ancient civilisations of Asia Minor, Egypt, Crete, and Greece. Their origin remains a mystery, for they are, culturally speaking, without antecedents yet known; but Mr. Woolley mentions some significant points of similarity between them and the very early peoples of the Indus Valley, as disclosed by recent excavations there. (These Indian discoveries have also been illustrated and described in our pages, by Sir John Marshall.) Mr. Woolley regards "the two civilisations as offshoots from a common source, which presumably lies somewhere between the Indus and the Euphrates valleys." Can it be in the disturbed dominions of King Amanullah, where woman's cause seems for the moment to be retrogressing? Mr. Woolley quotes Sir Arthur Keith as stating, "One can still trace the ancient Sumerian face eastwards among the inhabitants of Afghanistan and Baluchistan."

What a different world it is into which we are carried in reading "CRUSADERS": The Reminiscences of Constance Smedley (Mrs. Maxwell Armfield). With ten Portraits (Duckworth; 15s.). Here, after five millenniums since those funerary massacres at Ur, is a picture of society in which woman, no longer the chattel of man, is mistress of her own destiny and able to organise her forces to influence the destiny of the world. As a life story the book is extraordinarily full of interesting contacts both with ideas and personalities, more especially in literature, art, and drama. Among the most interesting of the incidents described, as indications of character, are those relating to Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells at the time of their Fabian controversy. Among countless other people of whom we get intimate glimpses are Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Kenneth Grahame, W. J. Locke, and Somerset Maugham.

The main interest of the book is the story of the inception and progress of the Lyceum Club, of which the author was the founder. She also tells of her literary and dramatic activities as a novelist and playwright, and of her other foundation, the Greenleaf Theatre. In a concluding summary of the Lyceum Club and its world-wide branches after twenty-five years of existence, she writes: "The International Circles are destined to play a considerable part. Their work is largely educative; but they have in their power to present what is of most importance in a nation's history and activities; to bring forward facets of a nation's work and policy that are little known."



ÆSCHYLUS AT CAMBRIDGE: THE DAUGHTERS OF OCEAN IN A SCENE FROM THE "PROMETHEUS," AT THE FESTIVAL THEATRE.

In addition to Mr. Terence Gray's production of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, the Lent term programme arranged for the Festival Theatre at Cambridge also includes "Romeo and Juliet," "The Carpenter of Rouen," and Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan."

From a book wholly concerned with social and artistic matters of the present day I return to the subject of archæology, with "DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA." By Thomas Gann, F.R.G.S., M.R.C.S. Illustrated (Duckworth; 21s.). Dr. Gann, as our readers well know, is an authority on the Maya antiquities of British Honduras (where he lives), and author of several previous works describing his journeys in quest of ruined cities buried in tropical forests. A kindly and humorous foreword on his personality is contributed by Mr. Thomas Joyce, of the British Museum. Dr. Gann's new book, like its predecessors, is no dry-as-dust treatise, but a lively story of travel in wild places and among primitive people, not to mention snakes, reptiles, and venomous insects, with many picturesque descriptions of native and animal life.

Archæologically, the most important result of Dr. Gann's expeditions was obtained at a site named Chumucha. "We discovered in British Honduras," he writes, "an old Empire Maya city, the only one of its kind known up to the present in the whole British Empire, with the exception perhaps of the single Temple at Benque Viejo . . . Of the twenty stelæ found, no less than eight contained Initial Series with dates, thus recording the early history of the inhabitants of British Honduras between the second decade of the fourth to the quarter of the fifth century." Discussing "the wonderful inscriptions and beautiful pottery" of Chumucha, and the reason for its settlement far from other Old Empire centres, Dr. Gann gives a useful summary of the general origin of the Maya race. "It seems probable," he says, "in the light of recent discoveries, that the Maya originated from a branch of what is known as the Archaic civilisation, a race of highlanders who occupied the tableland from Mexico to Peru some two to three thousand years before the Christian era. Some time in the first millennium B.C. a branch of these people reached the coast in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz, Mexico; from this point their descendants appear to have migrated south. . . . At Chumucha the site has been merely scratched as yet. . . . There is an immense amount of work to be done which should result in very important additions to our knowledge of the arts, manufactures, weapons, dress, and mode of life in general of the Maya of the Old Empire, perhaps one of the most interesting races who ever lived on the earth."

I do not know whether anything has been discovered as to the position of Maya women in ancient days. "Figures of women," writes Dr. Gann, "are never depicted on the monuments." But the statuettes found appear to record a good many details of their attire. "The figurines of women found at Chumucha (we read) all affected a tight-waisted dress, and, indeed, their whole costume might very well pass for that of ladies of the late Victorian era." Let us hope they enjoyed a Victorian immunity from sacrifice on the tombs of their husbands. The living descendants of the Maya race seem to have fallen from their high estate of civilisation, and their women would hardly be eligible for the Lyceum Club. "The more progressive amongst them," says Dr. Gann, "have taken to modern fashions of bobbed or shingled hair and short skirts—a change which it appears to me has detracted very much from their appearance, and, indeed, not infrequently causes them to resemble a peripatetic sack of potatoes." Elsewhere he remarks that "the main occupation of the Maya women (is) grinding corn for the family *tortillas* (corn cakes) day after day, month after month, year after year, from the age of eight or nine years until death provides a welcome rest from this eternal labour." Another sidelight on the modern Maya woman's domestic status is thrown by an anecdote about a native who had caught in a river a ferocious logger-head turtle, but, instead of killing it, he merely tied it up in the boat, after it had attacked Dr. Gann. "I asked the owner (says the Doctor) why he did not slaughter it at once and have it for supper, but he explained that he wanted to take the animal home, as cleaning it and cooking it were dirty and troublesome jobs which he was reserving for his wife."

Three other attractive books are just to hand which I reserve for a later article. One is "A SAHARAN VENTURE." Being the Account of a Journey across the Sahara, from Kano to Algeria. By Donald R. G. Cameron, F.R.G.S. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 18s.). The other is a collection of letters written home during a tour round the world in 1926-7, and is entitled "BECAUSE I HAVE NOT BEEN THERE BEFORE." Being Extracts from the Correspondence of Oswald Lewis, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. With sixty-five Photographs by the Author (Duckworth; 21s.). Finally, in view of recent occurrences in Spain, many readers will doubtless feel that they should know something about the history of that country. The story of a greater upheaval in the sixteenth century is told in a work at once vivid and scholarly—"THE GREAT REVOLT IN CASTILE": A Study of the Comunero Movement of 1520-1521. By Henry Latimer Seaver, A.M., Associate Professor in the Department of English and History in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Illustrated. (Constable, 24s.). I have sometimes dreamed of taking a castle in Spain, but I think I shall wait till the political clouds roll by.

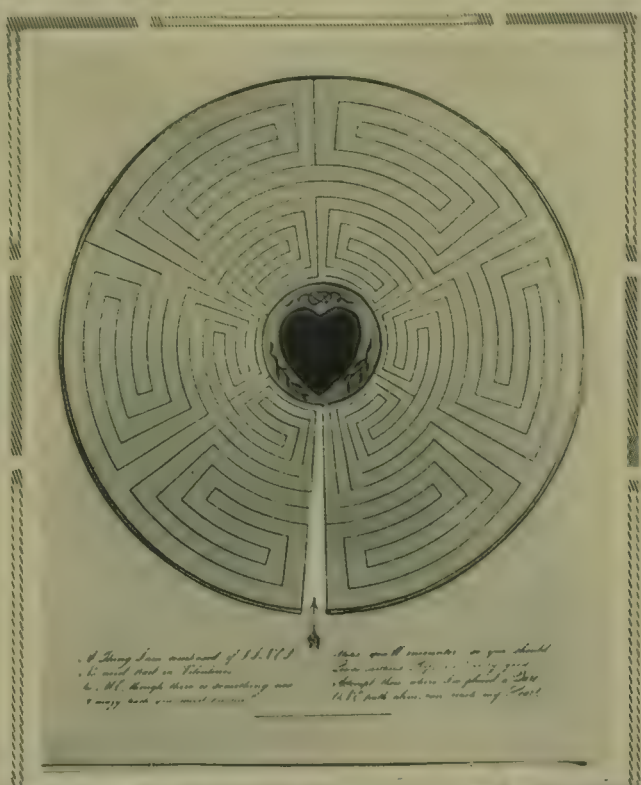
C. E. B.

THE VALENTINE "DESCENDS" TO THE MUSEUM: SPECIMENS ON SHOW.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owners and of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



THE COMIC, OR MOCK, VALENTINE: "NOW DON'T YOU THINK ME A DUCK OF THE FIRST WATER?"
(*Lent by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson.*)



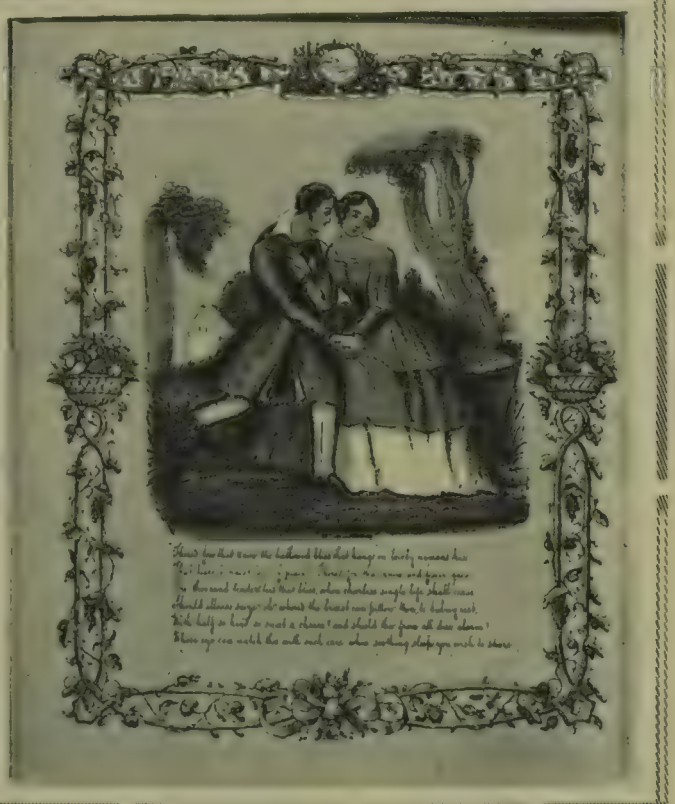
THE INGENIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL: THE ONE AND MAZY PATH TO THE HEART!
(*Lent by Mr. G. S. Hervey.*)



BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: 'SOMETHING LIKE A VALENTINE"—DATING FROM ABOUT 1850.
(*Lent by Mr. Gerald S. Hervey.*)



EMBOSSED PAPER AND WRITTEN VERSES: AN ULTRA-SENTIMENTAL FANCY ADDRESSED TO A MISS DAY.
(*Lent by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson.*)



THE STRICTLY SENTIMENTAL: ". . . THE HALLOWED BLISS THAT HANGS ON LOVELY WOMAN'S KISS."
(*Lent by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson.*)



FROM LORD GODERICH TO HIS OLD NURSE, MRS. PLANT: A VALENTINE OF 1836—BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.
(*Lent by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson.*)

The sending of Valentines is, for all practical purposes, a thing of the past: the vogue of the Christmas Card gave it the *coup-de-grâce*. Few specimens are to be seen now, save in collections, and it may be said truly that the Valentine has descended from the Heights of Sentimentality to the Depths of the Museum! At the moment, interest in this form of greeting is being re-aroused by what our grandfathers would have called a very taking exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, a show of some three hundred Valentines, dating from 1760 onwards, lent by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, Miss Jane Samuels, Mr. Gerald S. Hervey, Mr. Guy Little, and the St. Bride Foundation Institute. To quote an official note: "The paper Valentine, usually of decorated design, with verses of an amorous or sentimental nature, seems to have made its appearance during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. . . . Embossed borders were frequently used, but the open lace-edged Valentine made its appearance slowly. During the 'thirties and 'forties of the nineteenth century the comic or mock Valentine was much in evidence and the Victorian love of the ornate finds expression. During the 'fifties and 'sixties, however, some really beautiful examples were also produced." To which it may be added that the Valentine survived until well on into the 'nineties; and as recently as 1886 the Post Office was appealing for early posting on February 13, owing to the congestion of work caused by the Valentine.

Under-Water Kills: Attack, Parry, and Riposte.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF "RAIDERS OF THE DEEP": By LOWELL THOMAS.*

(PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM HEINEMANN.)

THE fifth of September, 1914, marked an epoch in naval history. On it a submarine made the first under-water kill. The vessel sunk was the British cruiser *Pathfinder*. The attacker was the famous *U* 21, commanded by Otto Hersing, and always referred to by the Germans as the *U* 51, the "submerged coffin" that was to force a laborious and perilous passage from Wilhelmshaven to Constantinople, and torpedo the *Triumph* and the *Majestic* in the Dardanelles. Seventeen days later came the tragedy of the *Aboukir*, the *Hogue*, and the *Cressy*, which fell to Otto Weddigen and the *U* 9. The newest lethal weapon had been proved.



THE WORK OF VON ARNAULD, THE U-BOAT "ACE OF ACES": A SINKING SHIP, THE VICTIM OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN ALLIED AIRMAN.

Germany's U-boat "Ace of Aces" was Commander Lothar von Arnauld de la Perière. The submarine commanders were rated according to the amount of tonnage they had sunk. Von Arnauld accounted for half-a-million tons, in the shape of over two hundred ships.

Reproduced from "Raiders of the Deep," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann, Ltd.

"The world thrilled and marvelled," said Johann Spiess to the interrogating author, "and it was not long before all mankind trembled with the thought of the hand of death that reached out of the sea." If that assertion can be challenged, it is because the majority had not enough imagination to visualise the menace and recognise its potentialities. None knew the horrors entailed better than the hard-living, courageous "Captain Nemos" of the period. Often enough, the cup of Victory was bitter-sweet—but Orders are Orders! That is the plea of justification advanced; and even the most prejudiced must allow its reasonableness where war-ships are concerned. Liners, such as the luckless *Lusitania*, and merchant-men, are another story: the case is on another plane, and far more debatable.

That, however, is by the way, and is not the affair of "Raiders of the Deep," which is frankly Adventure for the Adventure-lover—and something more: a be-prepared warning to those who cannot bring themselves to believe that the War-to-End-War achieved its object; and a demonstration of the fact that there is a shield against every arm, that each thrust has its parry and riposte.

Adventure we may leave for the purposes of this article, noting before doing so that it has lost none of its magnetism by Lowell Thomas's skilled loadstoning: nothing could have stronger attraction than his narratives of daring deeds in the seas that were planted with those deadly sticks of "asparagus," the enemy periscopes, and half-hid the "tin fish" speeding from tube to hull. Could there be a more allurin' tale than that of the most fateful voyage of the *U* 21, when Hersing, true to his liking for the bolder course, reached Gallipoli and took a most amazing chance? His torpedo streaked towards the *Triumph*. Hersing, now growing fine potatoes at Rastede, speaks: "A huge cloud of smoke leaped out of the sea. In the conning-tower we heard first a dry, metallic concussion, and then a terrible, reverberating explosion.

"It was a fascinating and appalling sight to see, and I yearned with every fibre to keep on watching the fearful picture; but I had already seen just about enough to cost us our lives. The moment that dread white wake of the torpedo was seen on the surface of the water, the destroyers were after me. They came rushing from every direction. 'In periscope!' and down we went. I could hear nothing but the sound of propellers above me. With that swarm converging right over our heads, it surely seemed as if we were doomed. Then a flash crossed my brain.

"'Full speed ahead!' I called, and ahead we went right along the course the torpedo had taken, straight towards the huge craft we had hit.

"It was foolhardy, I'll admit, but I had to risk it. Diving as deeply as we dared, we shot right under the sinking battle-ship. It might have come roaring down on our heads—the torpedo had hit so fair that I rather expected it would. And then the U-boat and its huge prey would have gone down together in an embrace of death. That crazy manœuvre saved us. I could hear the propellers of destroyers whirring above us, but they were hurrying to the place where we had been."

Kindred dice-throws were many; kindred escapes were as enthralling; kindred men spun kindred yarns—among them Spiess, of the U 9; Rudolph Zentner, who served in "the mirthful *U* 20," although he was not in her, when, under Walther Schwieger, she sank the *Lusitania*; Gustav Siess, who was with Claus Hansen, of the *U* 41, who was caught in the trap of the Q-ship *Baralong*; Lothar von Arnauld de la Perière, who accounted for over half-a-million tons of Allied shipping—*and* had an enemy torpedo jump across his craft after it had leapt out of the water at the end of a shallow run; von Heimburg, who specialised in fighting submarine against submarine and sank the *Amalfi*; Kurt Hartwig, who torpedoed the *Cornwallis*; Adolf Karl Georg Edgar, Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim, who told of the misfortune attendant upon sailing on Friday the thirteenth; Robert Wilhelm Moraht, who destroyed the *Danton*, the *Minnetonka*, and much merchant shipping; and Dr. Frederick Körner, of the *U* 151, one of the submarines that raided and laid mines in United States waters.

But to our two points. First: the submarine as a factor in war; leaving its moral effect out of the question. When hostilities began, "twelve strong, the German submarine fleet was sent out to seek the might of the British Navy" .... "The Germans, from start to finish, laid down the keels of 811 submarines. . . Less than four hundred were put into commission. And of these four hundred scarcely more than three hundred actually did any active campaigning. Such was the German under-sea fleet in magnitude.

"Its losses in proportion were terrific. One hundred and ninety-nine boats were lost. Of these, one hundred and seventy-eight were sunk by the enemy! Seven were interned in neutral ports. Fourteen, which were disabled, were sunk by the Germans themselves. . . . The fate of a score or so of U-boats was never explained. They simply left their bases and never came back, and the Allies have no record of destroying them. . . . On the other side of the ledger, here is what the raiders of the deep accomplished. They sank ships of war, from mine-sweepers and destroyers to huge battle-ships of the line. But it was not in attacks on naval craft that the U-boats found their most effective work. It was against trading vessels. In all, they sank 18,716,982 tons of shipping, of which ten millions were British. The total number of these ships destroyed was between five and six thousand. During 1917, in that one year, when the under-sea activity was at its height, seven and a half million tons went diving to the bottom—and the British Empire faced its doom. But how few of us realised it at the time!"

Second: the contriving of the shields; the invention of fresh parries and ripostes. The destroyer was found to be the natural enemy of the U-boat, as was expected. Its speed alone made it formidable; it was so keen-eyed that it was seldom wise to raise the "asparagus" above the surface in any but rough water; it did not hesitate to ram; it circled most cunningly about its zigzagging protégées; as a dropper of depth-charges it sowed exploding horrors. Cruisers, patrol-boats, chasers, armed fishing steamers, trawlers, and merchant-men, to say nothing of British submarines, added their various "bits." And there were the devilish horns of the mines. Of such were the normal counters. The unusual, the made-for-the-moment, included the Q-boats, bomb-dropping and spotting aeroplanes, hydrophones, and, very especially, nets and depth-charges and flares.

Witness, the Dover Barrier. "Across that narrow channel between England and France three lines of defence were laid. . . . The first line consisted of nets festooned with mines. The nets were laid below the surface of the water so as to be hidden from the unwary U-boat commander, and beyond the nets patrol boats kept watch for any U-boat attempting to creep through on the surface. Submarines sometimes dived under the nets, a hazardous proceeding. Sometimes they were lucky and made it. The barrier was laid deep, and a submarine could only dive to a certain depth. The usual way of passing the barrier was to slide right over the nets at night and play hide-and-seek with the patrol boats.

"Beyond the nets came the second barrier, consisting of mines anchored in tiers at various depths. . . . Here again patrol boats kept watch for submarines making the passage on the surface, and at night the strait from shore to shore was illuminated by burning magnesium cast out upon the water. The U-boat stealing along the surface found itself confronted by this belt of dazzling flame. But the burning magnesium gave a fickle blaze, and the lighting was not a hundred per cent. efficient, and there were times when a part of the barrier was in darkness. The U-boat would lurk outside of the illuminated belt and wait for one of those periods of darkness and then try to run through, full speed ahead. . . . If the raider passed safely through all of that gauntlet of grief, it then came upon barrier number three. This consisted of a pair of giant search-lights, one on either shore of the narrowest part of the strait. They were so powerful that their beams met in mid-Channel and illuminated the entire strait. Swarms of patrol boats hovered in readiness on the edge of these beams. At this point also were placed 'drifters' with nets, fishing-boats that went about their business not of catching fish, but of netting submarines.

"In addition to the Channel barrier, the British laid a line of defence directly in front of the Flanders base. It was a line of mine-studded nets and patrol boats placed eighteen miles out from Zeebrugge and extending for thirty-five miles along the coast from the shallow waters outside of Dunkirk to the shallows of the Scheldt. There was not enough water at the ends for a U-boat to dodge round the barrier. Nor was it possible to dive under the nets. The water along the line was not deep enough." Nicely calculated!

As to the depth-charge: Spiess talks. "The report was of a new danger we would have to surmount, a new and potent piece introduced on to the chess-board of war under the sea. The *U* 49 had been bombed with depth-charges. . . . The depth-charge was a bomb loaded with two hundred pounds or so of high explosive. It could be set to explode at any desired depth under water when dropped overboard. At any place where a submarine was suspected an enemy ship dumped over its stern quantities of these infernal charges set to go off at various depths. A U-boat under water was peppered with a shower of them. If one exploded close enough it would sink the craft, or would at least make it leaky by springing the seams and thus disable it. It was an evil invention."

So: attack, parry, riposte. Primitive man against primitive man; arms by Civilisation and Kultur, Ltd.! A brave fight, desperate and cunning. "A fine day to sink a ship," commented Spiess. He lives, a "rather dreamy-looking chap"; but his chief, Weddigen, lies at the bottom of the North Sea and his ship is on a junk-heap. E. H. G.



A RECORD OF "RAIDERS OF THE DEEP" WHO NEVER CAME HOME: THE "SUBMARINE ROOM" OF THE NAVAL OFFICERS' CLUB AT WILHELMSHAVEN; WITH PORTRAITS OF LOST U-BOAT COMMANDERS.

In the Naval Officers' Club at Wilhelmshaven, there is what is called the "Submarine Room." Its walls are covered with photographs of U-boat commanders—the dead, to the number of about one hundred and fifty-one.

Reproduced from "Raiders of the Deep," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann, Ltd.

* "Raiders of the Deep." By Lowell Thomas, Author of "The Sea Devil," "With Lawrence in Arabia," etc. Illustrated. (William Heinemann, Ltd; 10s. 6d. net.)

"UNDER-WATER KILLS": U-BOATS IN WAR.

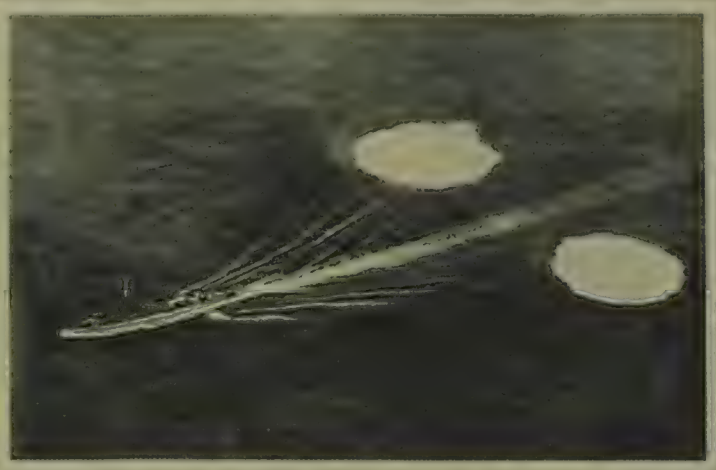
TORPEDO; MINE; AND DEADLY DEPTH-CHARGE.



THE WORK OF A U-BOAT WHEN MERCHANTMEN WERE BEING ATTACKED: "'TORPEDO! FIRE!' . . . ANOTHER SHIP STARTS ON ITS FINAL VOYAGE."



"KILLED" BY THE ALLIES: A GERMAN SUBMARINE AFTER IT HAD BEEN MINED, A FATE MANY A U-BOAT MET DURING THE GREAT WAR.



THE FORM OF ATTACK THE U-BOATS DREADED MOST: DEPTH-CHARGES BEING RAINED ON AN UNSEEN SUBMARINE.

Mr. Lowell Thomas, who wrote that exceedingly breezy book, "The Sea Devil," has just produced "Raiders of the Deep," a very interesting work devoted to the daring deeds of the commanders of the most famous U-boats that were in action during the Great War. Adventure is piled upon adventure; and, of course, many technical details are given as well. As is remarked in the article opposite, nothing is more notable than the way in which every thrust was met by its parry and riposte. The enemies of the German submarines were many. Mines and mined nets and depth-charges were, perhaps, the most feared. Mines were sown in the ordinary manner; and were also fastened to nets laid below the surface of the water, so as to be hidden from unwary U-boat commanders. As to the depth-charges, these were much dreaded; and with good reason. Johann Spiess, who was Otto Weddigen's second-in-command, spoke of early 1917, when the Allies began to use "the most logical weapon against the submarine." "The 'U 49' had been bombed with depth-charges," he said. "No such thing had been encountered before, and the news made quite a sensation. . . . The depth-charge was a bomb loaded with two hundred pounds or so of high explosive. It could be set to explode at any desired depth under water when dropped overboard. At any place where a submarine was suspected an enemy ship dumped over its stern quantities of these infernal charges set to go off at various depths. A U-boat under water was peppered with a shower of them. If one exploded close enough it would sink the craft, or would at least make it leaky by springing the seams, and thus disable it. It was an evil invention and one destined to become part of our daily experience." "Evil invention" is excellent!



THE EXPLOSION OF A DEPTH-CHARGE, ONE OF THE "BOMBS" THAT WERE PEPPERED ON TO UNDER-WATER CRAFT: "A DEPTH-BOMB CREATES A GEYSER HIGHER THAN ANY IN THE YELLOWSTONE."

REPRODUCTIONS FROM MR. LOWELL THOMAS'S "RAIDERS OF THE DEEP," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. WILLIAM HEINEMANN, LTD. (SEE OPPOSITE.)

THE DIAMOND CRISIS.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

AMONG all the crises with which our unfortunate planet is tormented, there is, it appears, a diamond crisis. Europe and America are, it seems, in danger of being submerged by a fairy deluge of diamonds! Workmen in America already possess motor-cars; and, had it not been for the heroic measures to which the diamond magnates and the South African Federation have lately had recourse, we might have seen, in the near future, peasants working in the fields with tiaras in their hair or "mayoral chains" round their necks! An over-production of diamonds! We are so accustomed to the most unexpected contradictions that we are not surprised at anything. It is, however, useful to try and understand the extraordinary nature of this last paradox of contemporary activity.

I have before me a text of Pliny (37, 15): "*Maximum in rebus humanis, non solum inter gemmas, pretium habet adamas, diu non nisi regibus et iis admodum paucis cognitus.*" "The greatest price, not only among precious stones but among all human commodities, is attributed to the diamond. For a long time this stone was only known among kings and even by very few among the kings."

In the first century of our epoch, when the elder Pliny was writing, kings were not the only people in the countries of the Roman Empire who knew about diamonds. Tacitus has transmitted to us the *résumé* of a speech by Tiberius, which is probably authentic, in which the Emperor deplores that the gold necessary for the defence of the Empire is exported to India to buy precious stones. It was the diamond he meant; that most rare, that most beautiful, among gems; that mysterious and incomparable substance to which was attributed the unique and divine privilege of indestructibility; that precious crystal which was destined not only to light up female beauty with an iridescent light combining that of the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby, but marked the difference between God and man, between the authority which commands and the mass which obeys.

A symbol in man's eyes, by its radiance and its rarity, of something which is above ordinary humanity—that was the rôle the diamond played during many centuries, even when Europe had become poor and barbarous. Diamonds, up to the close of the nineteenth century, nearly all came from India, where they were extracted from the gravel and sand of certain privileged river-beds or from "dry diggings" situated in the mountains. They were very rare, and served specially to heighten the prestige of religion, of sovereignty, and power. They flashed from the ceremonial robes worn by kings, princes, princesses, and high priests, or adorned the objects these used in the grand ceremonies of their religious services or during official solemnities. They served also as an economic reserve, a kind of stocks and shares at once easy to hide, to transport, and to convert into specie.

Diamonds began to become one of the many objects of luxury coveted by the rich during the eighteenth century, after the discovery of the Brazilian mines. Brazil is the India of America. If to-day the greater part of its riches is drawn from certain tropical products, such as coffee and india-rubber, it was, above all, a mining country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, producing precious stones and metals; and it is perhaps destined to become one day one of the greatest world-reserves of metals and minerals. At the beginning of the nineteenth century were discovered, in what are called to-day the States of Minas Geraes and Bahia, rivers which flowed on veritable beds of diamonds. Men worked the beds of these rivers by means of simple machinery, pumps, and water-wheels, but with very great energy. Thanks to the richness of those deposits and to the vigorous manner in which they were exploited, Brazil supplanted India, and the diamond began to fall from its superhuman greatness and became merely the most precious of worldly luxuries.

The quantity of diamonds offered for sale increased; it was necessary to find new customers outside the ranks of the churches, the prelates, the kings and princes—of those, in short, who were obliged by their offices to appear in public on certain occasions shining like suns. The diamond adapted itself to serve as an emblem of riches, and offered its services to Woman, who hastened to accept them.



HISTORIC DIAMONDS AND THEIR RELATIVE WEIGHTS: (CENTRE) THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND (THE LARGEST EVER FOUND) IN ITS ROUGH STATE BEFORE THE CUTTING, COMPARED WITH A NUMBER OF OTHER FAMOUS GEMS.

The Cullinan Diamond, far the largest in the world, and now, in its cut form, among the Crown jewels, was found on January 26, 1905, in the Premier Mine at Johannesburg. It measured about 4½ inches long by 2½ high and 2½ inches broad, and in its rough state, as shown above, weighed 3025¾ English carats, or over 1 lb. 6 oz. avoirdupois. The next largest South African diamond, the Excelsior (970 carats) was found at Jagersfontein, in the old Orange Free State. The Cullinan Diamond, in its original form, was twenty-nine times larger than the Koh-i-Noor. The latter weighed, after its first cutting, 186 carats, but Prince Albert had it cut again, thus reducing its weight to 102¼ carats.

This vulgarisation of the diamond heralded a new world which was preparing, and had been in progress for a century, when the French Revolution broke out. Real revolutions might be defined as the "paradise of jewellers," for they always provoke tumultuous displacements of precious stones, which offer those in the trade most attractive bargains. Between 1790 and 1815, nearly all the Church jewels and a part of the jewels of the old aristocratic classes in a great part of Continental Europe were bought by the new rich, whom the Revolution, the Empire, and the wars had everywhere multiplied. The churches were despoiled of all their treasures; the civil powers increasingly disdained the idea of dazzling the masses by means of pomp and circumstance; diamonds became an almost exclusively feminine worldly luxury. After having served Gods and kings, they now served women and love. How many of those diamonds which, for the last century, have blazed at banquets and balls on the persons of women desirous of pleasing, had lain piously hidden for centuries in dark churches on statues of the Virgin!

But if the Brazilian mines and the hurried liquidations of the French Revolution greatly increased the number of diamonds in commerce, in the second half of the nineteenth century the diamond still held the position of the rarest among gems. Although the means employed for extracting the diamonds were more powerful than in India, they were still very primitive in Brazil. Besides this the mines were lost in the immensity of a country as big as Europe, and were not connected with the coast by a system of convenient and safe roads. In order to get to them, it was necessary to undertake long, fatiguing, and dangerous journeys on horseback.

A veritable rain of diamonds began to fall on the world after 1870, when there were discovered in South Africa, over a thousand miles from the coast, between the Orange and Vaal Rivers, immense craters which contained, embedded among different strata, prodigious quantities of diamonds of all sorts. These constituted the "dry workings," the richest which man had ever found on his amazing planet, which is so full of enigmas, surprises, and treasures. The mines were linked with the coast by railways; the extraction of the diamonds was organised on a grand scale, using all the resources of modern machinery; and a real torrent (which each year grew larger) of diamonds of all sizes began to emanate from the South African mines. The Brazilian mines could no longer resist this competition, and were nearly all abandoned.

But it is necessary that objects of luxury should be rare. Abundance and luxury are contradictory terms. That is why the price of objects of luxury stands over-production less well than the price of necessary articles. If the quantity begins to increase even a little, the price goes down. This law is even more unrelenting in the case of diamonds, because, like gold, they are almost eternal from the earthly point of view. By adding themselves to the diamonds of Europe and Asia, the Cape diamonds would have provoked a sharp crisis of over-production, if their fairy torrent had not found a void into which to precipitate itself, a void that engulfed it for thirty years.

By the side of Europe and Asia, which had been accumulating diamonds for at least twenty-five centuries, there lay an immense country already very rich, but possessed of very few diamonds. This country was the United States. Created by the Puritans, peopled by poor emigrants, condemned to practise economy and simplicity on account of the process of development of their country, which demanded immense capital, the United States up to the second half of the nineteenth century had only been able to expend a minimum portion of its income on those objects of luxury which the old civilisations of Europe and Asia offered them. But after 1870 there dawned for America an era of fabulous enrichment. Every year there was a greater excess of money to be spent on far-distant luxuries, without compromising the future of the country. Between 1870 and 1900 the United States ensured to South Africa a remunerative market, by buying the greater part of their output of diamonds. It was to their American customers that the diamond magnates of South Africa owed their colossal fortunes.

But, in an epoch of frenzied activity like that in which we live, those remunerative prices could not fail to give rise to increased energy in diamond-mining and in multiplying mines. After 1900 the American customers no longer sufficed. Over-production began to make itself felt; the diamond, which had been one of the most fixed and stable of values, became a capricious object of merchandise, and was exposed to the most unexpected rises and falls in price. Efforts were made to stabilise the markets by limiting the production and the sale, and by a most ingenious system of monopolies. Things were in this state when the World War, like the French Revolution, produced a cataclysm in the world of jewels and of precious metals.

Since the diamond became a mere worldly emblem of riches, the new rich have always been the best customers of the diamond-mines, because they do not possess diamonds and wish to have them. By improvising so many fortunes, the World War increased the demand for all precious stones. But it also created a great many new poor, and obliged a certain number of families, formerly rich, to sell their jewels. The supply increased at the same time as the demand. There is, however, reason to believe that the demand increased more than the supply up to the moment when the Russian Revolution threw upon the markets of Europe and America, between 1918 and 1922, considerable quantities of precious stones and of gold and silver and platinum objects; those which the Revolution had confiscated, and those which had been sold by people ruined by the Revolution. Despite the horror which those confiscations excited throughout the Western world, the Soviet Government were able without too much difficulty to get rid of the jewels which they had confiscated, beginning with the Crown jewels. It was only necessary to make a reduction in price proportionate to the horror which its violence had occasioned!

So the Russian Revolution reverberated even in South Africa. Thanks to Lenin, the great diamond companies had several very bad years. The wave of Russian bargain prices once passed, the prosperity of the industry

[Continued on page 288.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE AND PRINCESS FRANÇOISE OF FRANCE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
The civil marriage took place in the Palace d'Aumale Orleans, at Palermo, on February 10, and the religious ceremony in the Palatine Chapel on the following day. Prince Christopher, uncle of King George of Greece, was married, in 1920, to Mrs. W. B. Leeds, who died in 1923. Princess Françoise is the elder daughter of the Duc de Guise.



ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND R. FREMANTLE.
The "father" of the Royal Navy. Born, June 15, 1836; died, Feb. 10. Entered the Navy in 1849, and had held flag rank since 1885. Son of the first Lord Cottesloe.



MR. JUSTICE TOMLIN.
Appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. A Judge of the High Court, Chancery Division, since 1923. Born in 1867. Chairman, Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, 1923.



HIS HON. JUDGE SCULLY.
Formerly Judge of Marylebone County Court. Died on February 5, aged seventy-two. Became a Judge of County Courts, Circuit 50, in 1903. Called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1879.



MR. A. W. DEAN, M.P.
Member for the Holland with Boston Division of Lincolnshire (Con.). Died on February 7, aged seventy-two. A specialist in agricultural matters. Won his seat from Labour in 1924.



MRS. C. C. STOPES.
Writer on sixteenth-century literature, especially Shakespeare. Died on February 6, aged eighty-eight. Mother of Dr. Marie Stopes. Wife of the late Mr. Henry Stopes, the anthropologist.



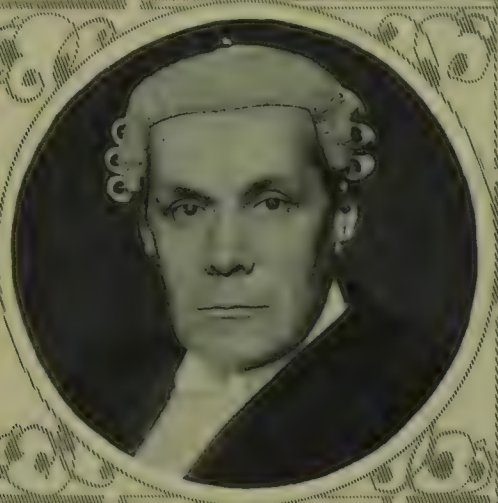
BARON VON HÜNEFELD.
One of the three airmen to fly the Atlantic from East to West for the first time in the "Bremen." Died on February 5. Afterwards made a solo flight to Tokio.



MRS. HUGH DALTON, M.P.
New Member for Bishop Auckland (Lab.). Held the seat (formerly that of Mr. Ben Spoor) by a majority of 7072. Her husband, Dr. Hugh Dalton, is M.P. (Lab.) for Peckham.



MR. W. BENNETT, M.P.
Won South Battersea for Labour, taking the place of Viscount Curzon (Con.), now Earl Howe. His majority was 576. The Conservative majority at the last election was 5217.



MR. A. F. C. C. LUXMOORE, K.C.
Appointed one of the Justices of the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division. Born in 1876. Called to the Bar, 1899. A famous sportsman; a member of the English Rugby Fifteen in 1900-1; also a cricketer and golfer.



MISS LILY LANGTRY.
(Lady de Bathe.) The actress and famous beauty. Born, 1852; died, at Monte Carlo, February 12. Daughter of the Rev. W. C. le Breton, Dean of Jersey. Made her stage début in 1881, as Kate Hardcastle. Also prominent on the Turf.



CARDINAL PIETRO GASPARRI.
Signed the epoch-making political treaty settling the Roman Question, as Plenipotentiary of the Supreme Pontiff. Is the Papal Secretary of State. He made the preliminary announcement to the Diplomatic Corps on February 7.



SIR ALEXANDER SPROT, M.P.
Unionist Member for North Lanarkshire. Died on February 8, aged seventy-five. Collapsed in the House on February 6. Famous as a "Rugger" player; then in the Army, and served in the Afghan War, the South African War, and the Great War.



THE WEDDING OF A BROTHER OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK: THE HON. DAVID BOWES-LYON AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS RACHEL SPENDER-CLAY).
The wedding of the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, and Miss Rachel Spender-Clay, younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. H. Spender-Clay, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay, was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on February 6. The Duke and Duchess of York were present.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD:
PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.



DISTURBANCES AT A MONMOUTHSHIRE COLLIERY: POLICE PATROLLING THE MAIN STREET AT NINE MILE POINT.

Violent scenes occurred at the Nine Mile Point Colliery, Monmouthshire, on February 6, when a hostile crowd of some 500 attacked four miners who had remained at work. There was booing and stone-throwing, and eventually the police made a baton charge. Some of the disturbances occurred outside the Workmen's Institute shown in our photograph.



LONDON'S EPIDEMIC OF UNDERGROUND UPHEAVALS: THE ROADWAY IN LANCASTER GATE TERRACE TORN BY A BURST WATER-MAIN.

On February 8, at 6 a.m., a 36-inch water-main burst in Lancaster Gate Terrace, which leads into Bayswater Road close to the Lancaster Gate Tube station. The roadway and basements of neighbouring houses were quickly flooded. Sections of wood-paving in the road were lifted up, and in some places the wood blocks were carried away by the stream.



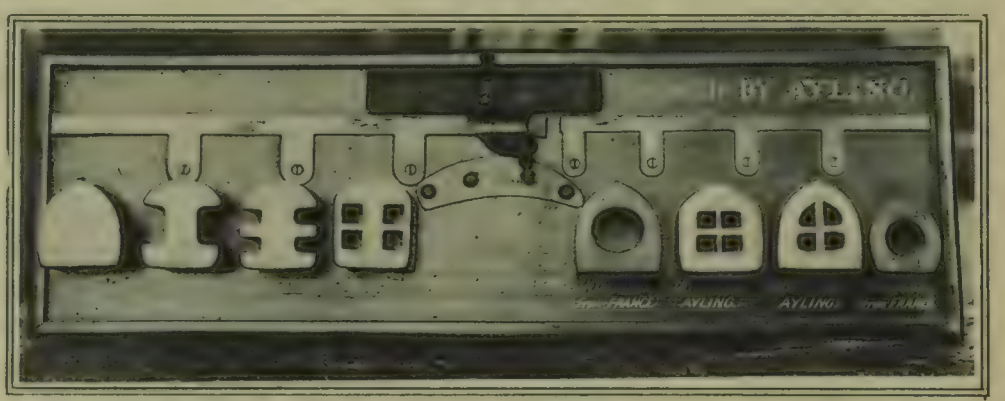
A CAPTAIN (SEEN STANDING ON THE BRIDGE) GOES DOWN WITH HIS SHIP: THE "DEISTER" SINKING OFF PORTUGAL.

Captain Becker, of the German steamer "Deister," can be discerned in the centre of the above photograph standing alone on the bridge of his sinking ship, a few moments before she went down. The captain himself and the whole crew of twenty-five men were drowned. This tragedy of the sea took place recently off Leixoes, on the coast of Portugal.



THE RIOTING AT BOMBAY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MILL AREA WHERE OVER 100 PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

In Parliament on February 11, Earl Winterton, Under-Secretary for India, recalled that the trouble in Bombay began, last December, with a strike of Hindu workmen, under Communist leadership, at the oil companies' installation. Pathans were engaged to replace strikers, and conflicts developed, into Hindu-Mohammedan rioting. Up to February 10, 112 were killed and 400 injured.



THE BOAT RACE: DESIGNS FOR OAR "BUTTONS," INCLUDING THIS YEAR'S CAMBRIDGE TYPE.

Oars for the Cambridge boat in the coming race with Oxford this year are being made by Messrs. Ayling and Sons, of Putney. Here are shown different designs for the section of an oar called the "button." It is not generally known that the oars used by the Cambridge crew are partly hollow. The design for this year's oars is the third from the right. The fourth from the right is a French design, and the second from the left is American.



IRELAND'S FIRST "RUGGER" VICTORY OVER ENGLAND EVER GAINED AT TWICKENHAM: THE DUKE OF YORK GREETS THE IRISH TEAM.

Ireland at last succeeded in beating England at "Rugger" on the Twickenham ground, in the match played there on February 9. The score of 2 tries (6 points) obtained by Ireland, to England's 1 goal (5 points) indicates that it was a closely contested struggle. It was played before an "enormous and wildly excited crowd." The Duke of York, who was present, shook hands with the teams

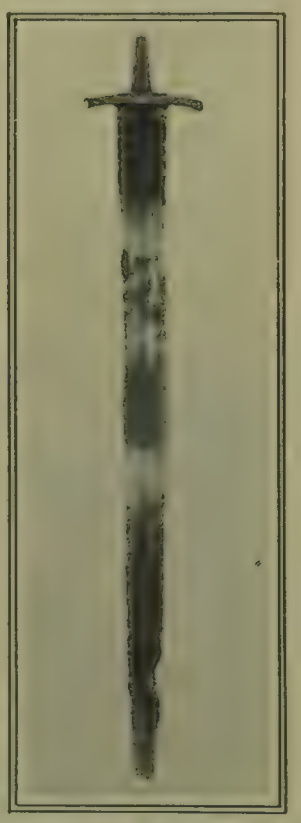
The three adjoining photographs (on the right) illustrate some interesting new additions to the national treasures in the British Museum. That lettered *A* was the gift of the Birmingham Jewellers and Silversmiths' Association. It is a 12th Dynasty Egyptian plaque, of inscribed gold open-work, found at Beirut, and shows Maat-kheru-Re, the last King of the Dynasty, offering a vase of unguent to Tum, the god of the setting sun. It is the only example of that Dynasty's finer gold-work which the Museum possesses. *B* is a small Egyptian statuette presented by Mr. George Eumorfopoulos. It is of steaschist glazed green in such a way that the natural markings of the stone are visible. In this respect it is only equalled by one other object in the Museum, the cup of King Thutmose I. The statuette dates from the 11th-12th Dynasty, about 2200 B.C. and represents a man with shaven head, wearing a kilt. The Viking sword (*C*) is interesting as having been found as far up the Thames as Windsor, whereas most others recovered from the river have been found much nearer the mouth. It lacks the pommel, but bears traces of gold and silver on the hilt, and the blade is finely damascened.



(*A.*) A 12TH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN PLAQUE: A KING OFFERING A VASE TO A GOD.

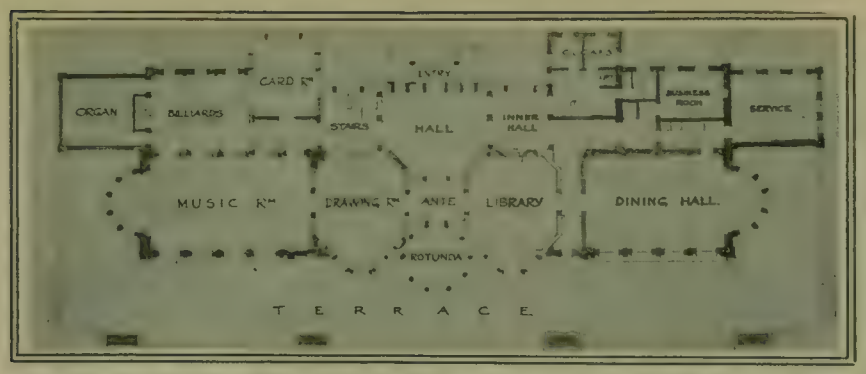


(*B.*) A SMALL EGYPTIAN STATUETTE OF A KILTED MAN, (DATING FROM ABOUT 2200 B.C.)



(*C.*) A VIKING SWORD FOUND IN THE THAMES NEAR WINDSOR: A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE.

THE KING; THE QUEEN; THE PRINCE: THE CALLS OF HEALTH AND OF DUTY.



FOR THE TIME BEING, THE MOST FAMOUS ROYAL HOME IN THE EMPIRE: CRAIGWEIL HOUSE, BOGNOR—A PLAN SHOWING DINING-HALL, TERRACE, AND SO FORTH.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Craigweil House, in the village of Aldwick, near Bognor, is, for the time being, the most famous royal home in the Empire; for there it is that the King is residing. The place has a number of special features, including a sun-room and a private promenade. It is comparatively modern. Sir Arthur du Cros bought it some fifteen years ago, and, [*Continued below, right.*



WHERE THE KING IS RESIDING AT BOGNOR: CRAIGWEIL HOUSE—AN ACADEMY DRAWING SHOWING THE FAÇADE AS IT IS NOW.

subsequently, had a number of important improvements made. These were planned by Mr. Briant Poulter, F.R.I.B.A., Vice-President of the South-Eastern Society of Architects, in partnership with Mr. P. Morley Horder, by whose courtesy we are able to reproduce the plan and the original drawing by Mr. Poulter, which was exhibited in the R. A. in 1920.



THE PRINCE OF WALES SACRIFICES HUNTING AND STEEPLECHASING TO THE EXTRA DUTIES ENTAILED BY THE KING'S ILLNESS: THE CRAVEN LODGE CLUB, HIS ROOMS IN WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS HAS GIVEN UP.

It has been announced that, in view of the extra duties that have fallen upon him owing to the King's illness, the Prince of Wales has determined to sell the greater part of his stud of hunters and point-to-point horses. His Royal Highness returned to town from Melton Mowbray as the frost had made any hunting impossible. He has given up his suite of rooms at the Craven Lodge Club.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES SCHOOLED MOST OF THE HUNTERS HE IS SELLING: THE JUMPING LANE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED THAT HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS MIGHT EXERCISE HIS MOUNTS AT MELTON MOWBRAY.

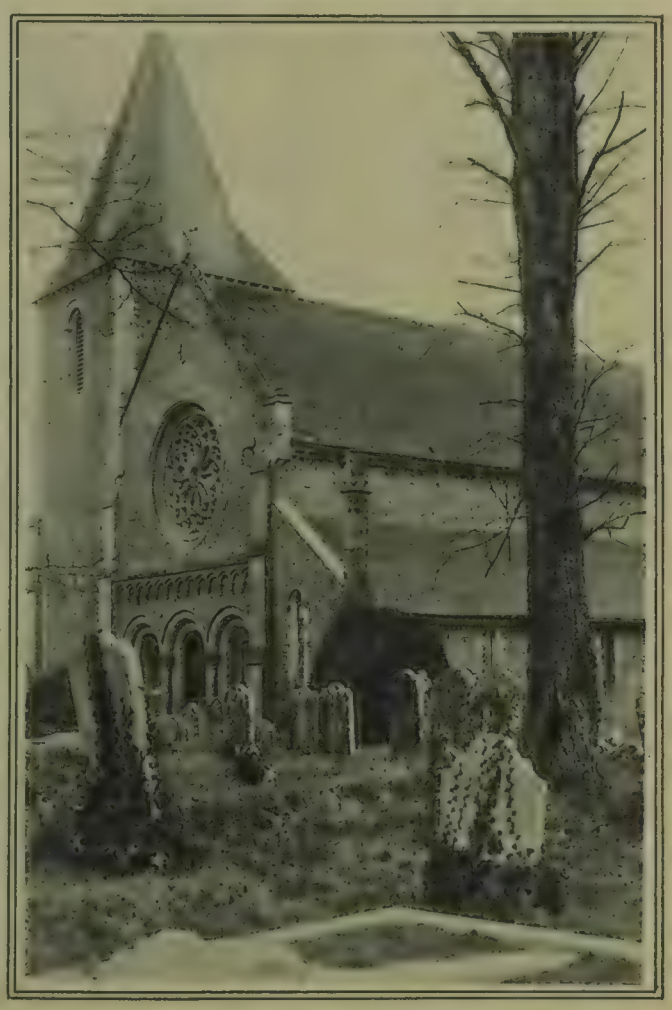


"SNAPPED" WHILE ACCOMPANYING HIS MASTER TO MELTON MOWBRAY FOR THE DAY'S HUNTING THAT WAS ABANDONED; THE PRINCE'S FAVOURITE CAIRN TERRIER.

The Prince of Wales had hoped to have a "final" day's hunting on February 11, but frost forbade, and his Royal Highness was disappointed. Indeed, few meets were possible anywhere that day; and, although some famous hunts met, sport was soon abandoned in most cases. The Fernie Hounds went home, for instance, after the first covert had been drawn; the Meynell found it freezing too hard to carry on for long, and so did the Warwickshire, the Blankney, and the Cotswold. The Beaufort put a fox to ground and found two others; the Berkeley found twice; the Bicester killed a fox in Bicester Aerodrome.——With regard to the third of these photographs, it may be pointed out that her Majesty the Queen arranged to worship in Pagham Church on Sunday, February 10, but had to cancel her intention to do so, as her duties in the sick-room and her State duties had caused her to be very fatigued. She sent a message to the Rev. G. Knox, the Rector, to that effect. The church in question is an Early English building, and is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, who was often in residence at Pagham—as were other Archbishops of Canterbury—in a Palace no longer in existence. Pagham itself, which is four miles to the west of Bognor, had a harbour as far back as 1345, but in course of time this became so silted up with mud that the land was reclaimed in 1870. At the end of 1910, the sea breached the walls, and there is a lake at high tide.



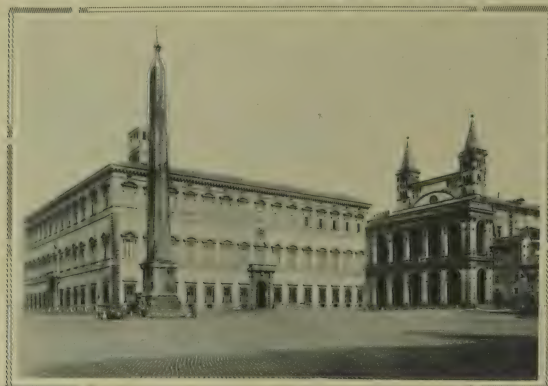
DEPRIVED, BY THE FROST, OF A "FINAL" RUN WITH THE HOUNDS: THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING AT MELTON MOWBRAY, ONLY TO MEET DISAPPOINTMENT



THE CHURCH IN WHICH THE QUEEN WILL WORSHIP WHILE AT BOGNOR, BUT WAS UNABLE TO ATTEND ON FEBRUARY 10: PAGHAM CHURCH, AN EARLY ENGLISH BUILDING.

THE NEW TEMPORAL SOVEREIGN AND HIS STATE:

THE POPE AND HIS TERRITORY, "THE CITY OF THE VATICAN."



THE SCENE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE "ROMAN QUESTION": THE LATERAN PALACE, IN WHOSE HISTORIC COUNCIL HALL THE DOCUMENTS WERE SIGNED BY CARDINAL GASPARRI AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.



SHOWING THE WALL-LIKE TUNNEL (ACROSS THE MIDDLE DISTANCE) BUILT FOR THE POPE TO GO, UNDER COVER, FROM HIS PRIVATE APARTMENTS TO ST. PETER'S (SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND); THE FAMOUS GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.



ADJOINING THE PALACE WHERE THE DOCUMENTS WERE SIGNED: THE PAPAL CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, WHICH THE POPES HAVE NOT ATTENDED SINCE THE ITALIAN TROOPS ENTERED ROME IN 1870.



NO LONGER HIS ONLY PLACE OF OUTDOOR EXERCISE AND RECREATION: POPE PIUS XI., ATTENDED BY A PRIEST, WALKING IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.



THE REPORTED BOUNDARIES OF THE NEW "VATICAN CITY": AN AIR VIEW SHOWING ST. PETER'S AND THE PIAZZA (FOREGROUND), WITH THE VATICAN (TO RIGHT) AND (BEYOND ST. PETER'S DOME) THE MODEL OF THE LOURDES GROTTO, WITH THE VATICAN OBSERVATORY (TO LEFT).



THE "PRISONER OF THE VATICAN" NOW SET FREE AND RESTORED TO TEMPORAL POWER HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI., THE PRESENT RULER OF THE NEW "VATICAN CITY."

An event of profound importance took place in Rome on February 11, when Cardinal Gasparri (the Papal Secretary of State) and Signor Mussolini signed, at the Palace of the Lateran, (as an official communiqué puts it) "a political Treaty which solves and eliminates the 'Roman Question'; a Concordat, intended to regulate the conditions of religion and of the Church in Italy; and a Convention which systematises definitely the financial relations between the Holy See and Italy as arising out of the events of 1870." The main points have been summarised as follows: (1) The Italian State renounces to the Pope . . . sovereign jurisdiction over a determined territory to be known as the Vatican City. (2) The Italian State pays a sum of money in compensation for the loss of the Pontifical States and other ecclesiastical properties. (3) The Holy See recognises the Kingdom of Italy. The event is hailed as a personal triumph for Signor Mussolini, who made the first move in the negotiations two years ago. The boundaries of the Vatican City are indicated in a map annexed to the Treaty. The Pope himself, in an Address to Lent preachers on February 11, is reported to have said that "he had only asked the minimum necessary for visible temporal power," and had no territorial ambitions. The amount of compensation to the Holy See for the loss of its temporal power in 1870 is stated as 750,000,000 lire (£8,152,000) in cash, and 1,000,000,000 lire (£10,869,000) in Italian State bonds. The actual ceremony of signature took place in the historic Council Hall of the Lateran Palace, where (in its original form) Charlemagne was the guest of Pope Leo III. Cardinal Gasparri and Signor Mussolini alone signed the three documents. The Cardinal signed with a golden pen blessed and sent by the Pope, and afterwards presented it to Signor Mussolini. Pius XI. was born at Desio, near Milan, in 1857, the son of Francesco Ratti. He became a Cardinal in 1921, and was elected Pope in the following year. In his younger days he was a noted mountaineer, and is the author of "Climbs on Alpine Peaks."

WHITE WINTER, THE PERIL:
THE ARCTIC COLD IN EUROPE.



IN THE CAPITAL WHICH HAS EXPERIENCED ITS LOWEST RECORDED TEMPERATURE SINCE 1788! SKATING IN BERLIN'S GREAT AERODROME.

The Arctic weather that has visited Europe has been felt in Germany at least as much as elsewhere. Indeed, it was recorded on February 11 that a temperature of 22 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, had been registered on that morning in the outskirts of Berlin, and that in Eastern Germany 34 degrees and 36 degrees below zero had been registered. It is pointed [*Continued below, right.*



THE STRELASUND AS A HIGHWAY FOR PEDESTRIANS AND MOTORISTS: A "ROAD" OF ICE ACROSS THE STRAIT BETWEEN STRALSUND AND THE BALTIC ISLAND OF RÜGEN.

out that for lower figures it is necessary to go back as far as 1788.——Stralsund is a hundred-and-thirty-seven miles from Berlin, on the Strelasund, a strait, two miles wide, which separates Rügen from the mainland, and washes Dänholm Island. Rugen itself is thirty-two miles long and twenty-five miles wide, and is famous as a pleasure resort. Bergen is its capital. It was sacred to Hertha.



THE WORLD-FAMOUS HAMBURG HARBOUR DURING THE COLD SPELL: LOCAL STEAMERS BATTLING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ICY WATERS.

The freezing of the waters has caused much trouble in various places, as the two photographs above bear witness. Hamburg Harbour is so well known that there is no need for us to say anything about it here. As to the Kiel Canal, it should, perhaps, be recorded that this is also known as the Nord-Ostsee Kanal, and that it links the Baltic and the North Sea by a water-



WATCHING FOR THE COMING OF AN ICE-BREAKER: STEAMERS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES FROZEN IN THE WATERS OF THE KIEL CANAL.

route which gets rid of the necessity of voyaging perilously round Jutland. By the Treaty of Versailles, it was internationalised. Its foundation-stone was laid by the Emperor William I. in 1887; it was formally opened by the Emperor William II. in 1895; and between 1909 and 1915 its depth was increased to 36 feet and its width to 335 feet. It crosses the land at sea-level.



A SIGHT NOT PARALLELED SINCE 1895: VESSELS AMIDST THE ICE OF THE FROZEN DANUBE, WHICH FORMED A MASS REACHING FAR DOWN INTO HUNGARY.

By February 10, the cold visiting Austria had caused very serious inconvenience, to say the least of it, and in Vienna there was a great scarcity of water, and it became necessary to forbid bathing in private houses. To quote the Vienna correspondent of the "Times" writing on that day: "Although there was a temperature of 2 to 4 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, in Vienna to-day,



THE DANUBE AS A HIGHWAY: PEDESTRIANS CROSSING THE FROZEN RIVER, THE ICE ON WHICH HAS BEEN A DANGER AND HAS CAUSED MUCH INCONVENIENCE.

thousands of Viennese went some distance to see the frozen Danube, a spectacle not seen since 1895. The floating ice on the river has formed into a solid mass, which reaches far down into Hungary. Another solid ice-field is forming on the Danube west of Vienna, and will soon reach the city if the frost continues."

A CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER SUNK: THE "VILLE DE LIÈGE" WRECKED.



THE WRECKED "VILLE DE LIÈGE," WITH A MOTOR-CAR STILL UPRIGHT IN HER STERN: THE VESSEL, WITH DECKS AWASH, AS SHE IS WHEN THE TIDE IS HIGH, NEAR THE LANDING STAGE AT DOVER HARBOUR.

The Belgian Cross-Channel steamer "Ville de Liège," carrying forty-eight passengers and mail from Ostend, ran aground at about seven o'clock on the evening of February 11, on the rocks off the entrance to the inner harbour at Dover, and sank soon after eleven o'clock. The ship's life-boats and the motor life-boat from Dover saved the passengers and crew, who suffered considerably from the intense cold. An attempt was made to tow the vessel off, but failed. As matters stand at the moment of writing, the ship is, as a correspondent puts it, "sitting very peacefully in the harbour." At low water she is practically high and dry; but at high water her decks are awash. She is a triple-screw steamer of 1365 tons.

SIGNING THE TREATY RESTORING THE POPE TO TEMPORAL POWER: A PHOTOGRAPH.



CARDINAL GASPARRI AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI SIGNING THE THREE DOCUMENTS THAT SETTLED THE "ROMAN QUESTION": THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH—TRANSMITTED BY TELEGRAPH—OF THE HISTORIC SCENE IN THE LATERAN PALACE AT ROME.

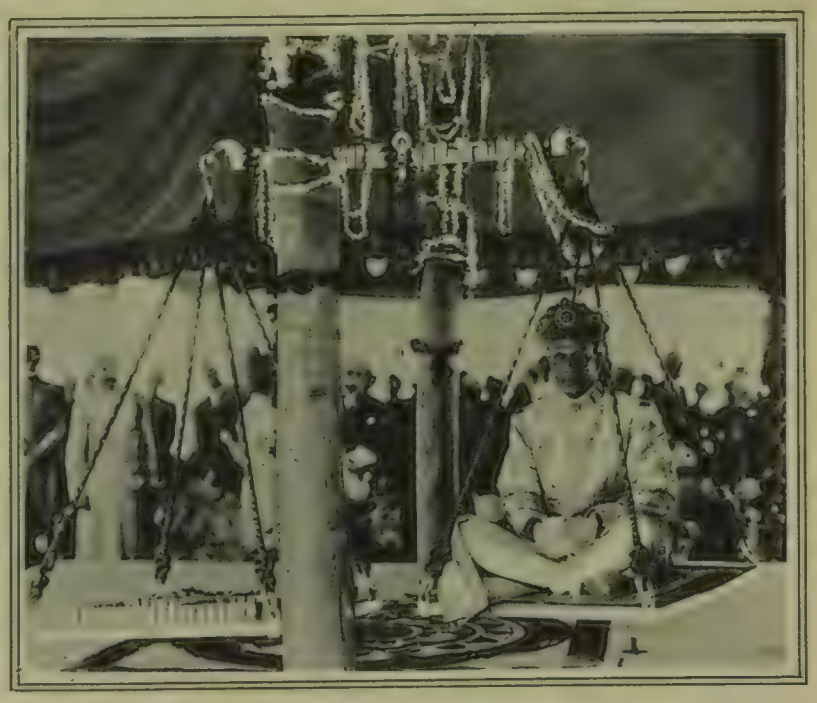
As noted elsewhere in this number, the signature of the documents settling the "Roman Question" took place, on February 11, in the Council Hall of the Lateran Palace. The Rome Correspondent of the "Times," describing the scene, says: "A large table from the Philippine Islands had been placed at one end of the hall, immediately under a bust of the present Pope. . . . Cardinal Gasparri and Signor Mussolini alone signed the documents, although all the witnesses subsequently signed a special illuminated page in the visitors' book. . . . The Pope had blessed and sent a golden pen for the ceremony, and this pen was afterwards presented to Signor Mussolini by Cardinal Gasparri."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE "DAILY MAIL."]

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



BRINGING LAMBS TO BE BLESSED BY THE POPE.

The Pope has lately been concerned with other things than temporal power! A few weeks ago took place in Rome the traditional blessing of lambs, which are kept in a monastery till Easter, and are then shorn, the wool being sent to the Pope for the making of robes. Two decorated lambs are here seen being carried, in baskets, to the Pope for his blessing.



A MAHARAJA'S WEIGHT IN SILVER FOR THE POOR.

The Maharaja of Alwar, an eastern state of Rajputana, recently celebrated the jubilee of his reign. A great Durbar was held at his palace in honour of the occasion. Our photograph shows him being weighed against a quantity of silver. This novel method of fixing a charitable donation resulted in a large sum being given to the poor.



X-RAYS FOR TESTING OIL-PAINTINGS.

Mr. S. Kennedy North, a well-known artist and critic, who has made a special study of technical methods, is here seen demonstrating his X-ray apparatus for testing pictures and detecting forgeries or over-paintings. The general principle of his method is that pigments present a degree of opacity according to their chemical constitution.



THE SALVATION ARMY DISPUTE: GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH AND HIS DAUGHTER CATHERINE, AT HADLEY WOOD.

General Bramwell Booth returned to his house at Hadley Wood, Middlesex, after convalescence at Southwold. He is here seen reading official documents. The Salvation Army Council on February 8 considered a letter from him and a statement by his daughter, Commissioner Catherine Booth.



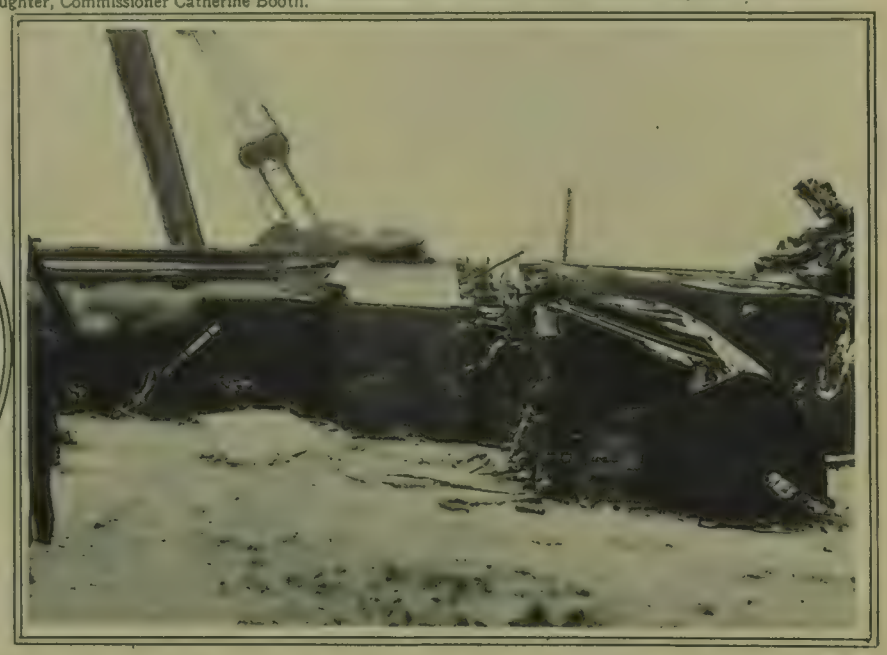
THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR IRAQ LEAVING VICTORIA: SIR GILBERT AND LADY CLAYTON.

Sir Gilbert Clayton, with Lady Clayton, left London on January 30, for Baghdad, to take up his duties as High Commissioner for Iraq. During the first part of the journey they were snowed up in Thrace, and on February 10 arrived at Constantinople by ship from Rodosto. At Constantinople Sir Gilbert Clayton had arranged to meet his predecessor, Sir Henry Dobbs, who left Baghdad on February 3.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE QUEEN-MOTHER OF SPAIN: THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE ESCORIAL.

The funeral ceremonies for the late Queen Cristina of Spain, King Alfonso's mother, began in Madrid on February 8. From the Palace, the coffin, wrapped in the Spanish colours, was carried in procession on a hearse drawn by eight horses, to the Escorial monastery. According to custom, no member of the Royal family attended the funeral. At the monastery gate the coffin was opened and the officers in charge were asked by the Prior to identify the corpse. The coffin was then locked and carried into the monastery. The burial took place on February 11.



THE RAILWAY COLLISION NEAR ALFRETON: THE OVERTURNED EXPRESS ENGINE, WHOSE DRIVER AND FIREMAN WERE KILLED.

The L.M.S. express which left St. Pancras at 9.30 p.m., on February 12, for Glasgow, collided head-on with a shunted goods train, at 1.35 a.m., between West Houses and Doe Hill, near Alfreton, Derbyshire. The express was said to be travelling at over fifty miles an hour. The engine overturned, and both the driver and fireman were killed. Four succeeding coaches were derailed, but fortunately three were steel parcels vans that acted as shock-absorbers, and no passengers were injured in the carriages behind them.

ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE GOBI DESERT: WITH ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS IN MONGOLIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.
(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 278.)



SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A CAR STUCK IN THE MUD ON ONE OF THE SCOUTING TRIPS TO THE WEST IN THE MONGOLIAN DESERT.



THE COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT: PACKING FOOD SUPPLIES FOR 37 MEN FOR SIX MONTHS, TO BE CONVEYED INTO THE DESERT BY CAMEL CARAVAN.



THE CAMEL CARAVAN OF 135 CAMELS ARRIVING AT SHIREH USU, OR CHIMNEY BUTTE CAMP, AFTER A 300-MILE TREK ACROSS THE DESERT: A WELCOME SIGHT TO THE EXPLORERS.



ISERIN, THE CARAVAN LEADER: A GOOD MONGOL TYPE.

MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, BESIDE HIS TENT IN THE HEART OF THE GOBI DESERT; AND (ON RIGHT) ISERIN POINTING TO THE APPROACHING CARAVAN.



As our readers will remember, Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews contributed to our issue of February 2 an illustrated account of the remarkable new types of prehistoric animals, including a shovel-tusked Mastodon, a "battering-ram" Titanothere, and a gigantic Baluchithere, found during the latest expedition under his leadership in Mongolia. In the present number he describes (in an article given on page 278) another and no less fascinating side of the expedition's work—that concerned with anthropological discoveries—and his article is faced by a page of photographs illustrating the objects found. Parts of the Gobi Desert are rich in remains of implements made by a prehistoric race, which Mr. Andrews has named the Dune Dwellers, from the nature of the country they inhabited. He found further traces of them last season, and he makes some very interesting suggestions as to their probable relationship to Neolithic culture in Europe. The above photographs show the travel and supply aspect of his expedition, with some of the difficulties that had to be overcome.

THE DUNE DWELLERS OF MONGOLIA.

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, Sc. D., Leader of the Central Asiatic Expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History. *(See Illustrations on Pages 277 and 279.)*

TWENTY thousand years ago Mongolia and the Gobi Desert were more densely populated than they are to-day. That fact we discovered last summer. I do not know that a homogeneous Stone Age people existed in such numbers in any other part of the world. It must be admitted that Mongolia to-day could hardly be designated as a centre of civilisation and culture. I doubt if there are a million inhabitants in the entire country. But there must have been several times that number of primitive human beings during Mesolithic and early Neolithic days.

We named this new race the Dune Dwellers. It is a good name, because their favourite dwelling-places were the sand dunes near the inland lakes of Mongolia. The story of their discovery is rather interesting. Early in June, 1923, the Central Asiatic Expedition had penetrated to the very centre of the Gobi Desert. It had not been easy to reach there. For fourteen months no rain had fallen. The always scanty vegetation of the Gobi had shrivelled and died. The few Mongol inhabitants had all been driven away by thirst and hunger. Even the gazelles, which do not need to drink, were gone. The desert shimmered under a pitiless sun, a burning waste of yellow gravel and dancing mirages. My caravan leader believed that he could cross the four hundred miles which separated us from the Flaming Cliffs if he drove the camels without mercy; but many would die, he said. I told him to go. It was the richest spot in all the Gobi for fossil remains, and we had to get there. The camels did die. Out of seventy-five only sixteen reached the Flaming Cliffs alive. But it was worth the sacrifice, for not only did we find the now-famous dinosaur eggs, but the Dune Dwellers as well.



ORNATE HEAD-DRESSES WORN BY WOMEN OF TO-DAY IN EASTERN MONGOLIA: SMILES IN UNISON.



THE BACK VIEW OF A MONGOL WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS, WITH HANGING NET: GRAVITY IN DIFFERENTIATION.

In the bottom of a vast basin carved by the knives of wind and frost and rain out of the bright-red sediment lies an area of old dead sand dunes. Through them shallow valleys have been cut, and on the floor of these valleys N. C. Nelson, our archæologist, found thousands upon thousands of worked flints, including scrapers, drills, knives, hammer stones, spear and arrow points, as well as great quantities of rejects. He saw at once that some of them resembled the Azilian microlithic culture of France and Spain, but with several important differences. The Azilians used much bone and horn. At this station not a trace of anything but stone could we discover, with the exception of bits of perforated shell evidently used as ornaments. Some of this was from the eggs of a giant ostrich, *Struthiolithus*, that roamed the Mongolian plains and North China during the Pleistocene or Ice Age. Other bits were dinosaur egg-shells. Therefore, we were not the original discoverers of dinosaur eggs. The shell must have had a sound commercial value twenty thousand years ago. The best we can say is that we discovered the discoverers of dinosaur eggs!

We spent several weeks at Shabarakh Usu, the "Place of the Muddy Waters," as the spot is known to the Mongols. Mr. Nelson made a thorough study of the culture there, and subsequently at other localities. With the assistance of the geologists and other members of the scientific staff, he determined that a large lake had existed in this basin for a very long time. This primitive people had inhabited the margins of the lake continuously for thousands of years. They lived in the sand dunes, there and elsewhere, because dunes are almost always formed on the south and east shores of Mongolian lakes. Usually vegetation which traps the sand is responsible for the birth of the dunes. Eventually tamarisk, a stunted desert tree, takes root and flourishes. Our primitive people lived among the dunes because they had there fuel, water, and shelter. Fuel in the Gobi is difficult to find. To-day on our explorations we depend upon camel, horse, and cow dung; but in the Dune Dwellers' times this was non-existent.

During 1925 we found the Dune Dweller culture wherever we went in the desert. Still, it was not abundant enough to make Mr. Nelson feel that the people had been there in very great numbers. Last summer Mr. Nelson could not return to the Gobi, and his place was taken by Mr. Alonzo W. Pond, an archæologist from the Logan Museum, Beloit College. We explored a different and larger area of Mongolia, and elaborated much more fully the life story of these interesting people. Interesting they are, not so much because of their age, for twenty thousand years is by no means ancient in the record of primitive human life. Their real importance lies in their relationship, if any, to Europe, Africa, and America. I have remarked that Nelson found their culture most closely related to that of the Azilian of France, Spain, and Scandinavia. A somewhat similar microlithic culture has been found in Africa. Did the Dune Dwellers of Mongolia migrate to other parts of the world carrying their culture with them? If not, where did they come from, and how did they disappear? It is a most puzzling problem, for in some respects their culture seems to be entirely unique.



WIRELESS COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AND CAMP IN MONGOLIA: CAPTAIN HILL RECEIVING TIME-SIGNALS FROM MANILA.

"We are greatly indebted," writes Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, "to the radio station at Cavidi, Manila, for time-signals twice a day. Captain Hill is here seen checking his chronometers by time-signals from the Philippine Islands."

Photographs by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

We know that when they lived in Mongolia the country was by no means as arid as it is to-day. The whole animal and human life story of Central Asia can be read in climatic changes. We know that there have been great climatic cycles for millions of years; alternating wet and dry periods. While Mongolia has been rapidly drying up since the beginning of the Pleistocene, still there have been intra-cycles of a more moist climate. The Dune Dwellers lived during such a period. To-day Mongolia is experiencing a dry cycle. When the climate began to change and become increasingly arid, the Dune Dwellers found it more and more difficult to exist. The lakes disappeared one by one; vegetation dried, and game became less abundant. Eventually nature drove the Dune Dwellers away. Where did they go? The time of their life in Mongolia seems to be earlier than their appearance in Europe, although it is exceedingly difficult to fix the date exactly. If we are correct in our date, is it not possible that the European, African, and Siberian cultures represent the furthermost migrants of the great mother colony in Central Asia? Did they reach America, by way of the Aleutian Islands or the Bering Strait? It seems probable that they did, but we have little to indicate that migration.

Our explorations last summer were confined entirely to Inner Mongolia. Part of the time we were in the grass-lands on the edge of the real Gobi. Here, as might be expected, evidences of Dune Dweller culture were much more abundant than in the more arid desert. If the cars happened to halt for a few moments, all of the men scattered over the vicinity searching for artifacts. Always we found them. Competition became keen among all the staff, native and foreign. It was not only productive, but great fun. Cores, knives, flakes, scrapers, and arrow points were scattered on the surface wherever stone occurred which could possibly be utilised for implements. The Dune Dwellers were exceedingly ingenious in their use of materials. They preferred jasper, of course, for it flakes beautifully; but chert, chalcedony, and even quartzite were used extensively. I think that during the summer Pond listed more than one hundred stations. The abundance of artifacts was amazing. Literally they were everywhere. Some of the stations were very large and gave evidence of long occupation; by "long" I mean thousands of years. Generation after generation have lived there continuously, leaving behind them enormous quantities of flakes and implements.

I have mentioned that the Azilian culture in Europe has many bone and horn implements. We found none. That was puzzling, for many of the stone scrapers were so small that they seemed to have been designed for making bone or wood. We came to the conclusion that the soil and climatic conditions were not proper for the preservation of bone. That must be correct, for dozens of great stations where occupation had extended over hundreds of generations produced not a scrap of bone. We know, of course, that the Dune Dwellers lived upon game. Hundreds of thousands of animals and birds must have been eaten during their long residence at certain stations; thousands of individuals must have died. Still, not a trace of bone.

Then one day we found an archæological gold-mine. The discovery was made quite by chance, as so often happens in our work. It was during the last week of the expedition, and we had been fighting sand in Eastern Mongolia. Hemmed in on all sides by an enormous unmapped area of dead dunes, impassable for motors, we had attacked it at a dozen points trying to fight our way

[*Continued on page 294.*

A NEOLITHIC "MOTHER COLONY" IN ASIA?

NEW RELICS OF MONGOLIAN DUNE DWELLERS.



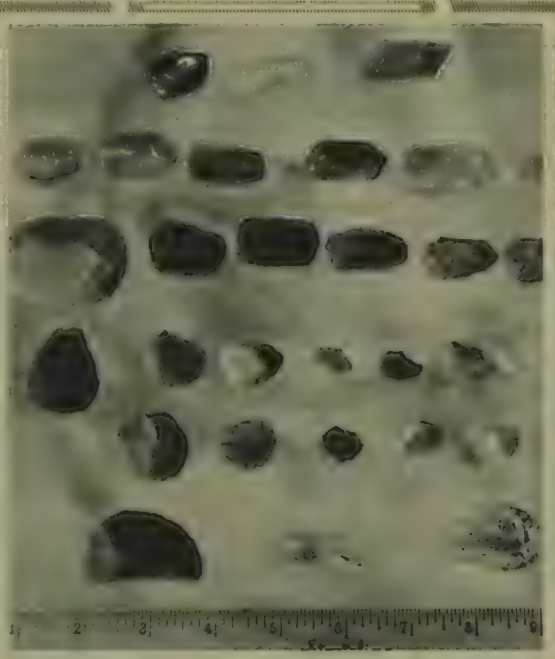
THE MOST IMPORTANT SITE OF THE DUNE DWELLER CULTURE: THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP BESIDE THE NEOLITHIC SITE AT CHILIAN HOTOGA, WHERE THE DRILLED TEETH AND WORKED BONES WERE FOUND.



FRAGMENTS OF DUNE DWELLER POTTERY: NEOLITHIC "FINDS" IN MONGOLIA.



NEOLITHIC STONE IMPLEMENTS FOUND IN MONGOLIA: FLAKES, CORES, DRILLS, AND ARROW-POINTS OF THE DUNE DWELLERS.



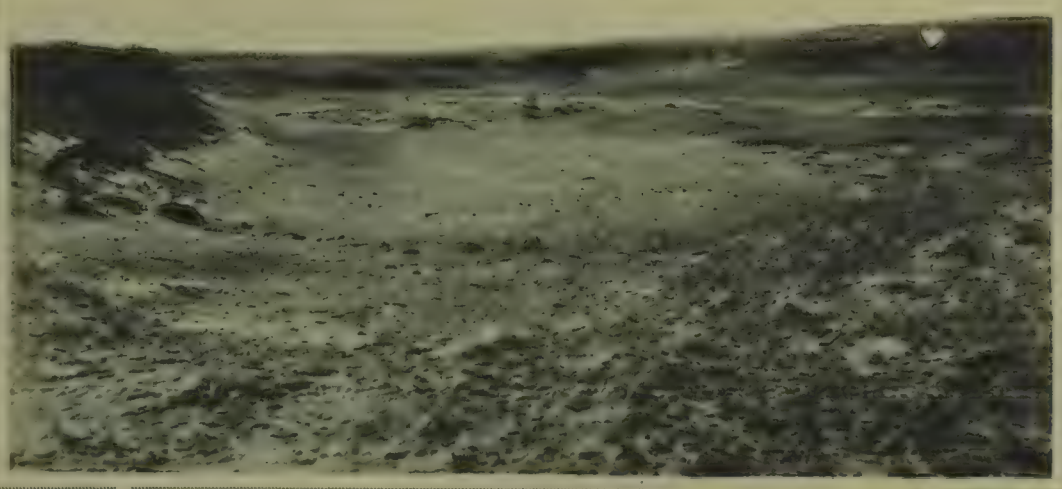
STONE SCRAPERS FOR WORKING WOOD, BONE, AND SKINS: REMAINS OF THE DUNE DWELLER CULTURE.



MICROLITHIC IMPLEMENTS SHAPED BY THE DUNE DWELLERS: ARROW-HEADS, KNIVES, AND OTHER OBJECTS.



HAMMER-STONES AND OTHER IMPLEMENTS OF THE DUNE DWELLERS: RELICS OF NEOLITHIC MONGOLIA.



WHERE FRAGMENTS OF DECORATED BONE, TEETH, AND MANY NEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS WERE FOUND: ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL DUNE DWELLER SITES, AT CHILIAN HOTOGA, IN MONGOLIA.

As Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews recalls in his article on the opposite page, dealing with last summer's work of the American Expedition to Mongolia under his leadership, traces of the Dune Dweller culture had been found during his earlier explorations in 1923 and 1925. Discoveries then made were described and illustrated in our pages. Last year, however, another and larger area was explored, and the results made it possible to elaborate much more fully the story of this very interesting Neolithic race. "Their real importance," says Mr. Andrews, "lies in their relationship, if any, to Europe, Africa, and America." Their implements are akin to those of Azilian type in France, Spain, and Scandinavia, while somewhat similar microlithic remains occur in Africa. Mr. Andrews considers that the Dune Dwellers were compelled to leave Mongolia by climatic changes, which dried up the lakes beside which they lived. Whither did they go? He mentions 20,000 years ago as a possible time of their migration, and suggests that they may have influenced Neolithic peoples in the West. "Is it not possible (he asks) that the European, African, and Siberian cultures represent the furthermost migrants of the great mother colony in Central Asia?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. (SEE ARTICLE BY MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

IF there is a change to be noticed in the books of 1929 as compared with their immediate predecessors, it is that they seem to be lighter and livelier. The long-drawn, closely analytical novel has not so far put in an appearance. There is less "argument, about it and about," and there is a definite speeding up in the action. In "Darkened Rooms" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Sir Philip Gibbs, the subject is serious, but it is not allowed to be heavy. It is spiritualism. Sir Philip has brought Mr. Sludge the medium up to date, and armed him with the effrontery of the young Cockney. Emery Jago rolled the patter of the new psychology glibly on his tongue. To label him psychic does not dispose of his problem, as Sir Philip makes very clear. "Darkened Rooms" is, in fact, as lucid as Mr. Jago's séances were obfuscous. The apparition at the end is an anti-climax, but all the rest is truly admirable. "The Prisoner in the Opal" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) is a story of the Black Mass, a subject that seems to be popular at the moment. A. E. W. Mason turns out the latest version with his usual confident craftsmanship. The devilish thing is ushered in by dreams and premonitions, and it is, of course, horribly dangerous to the people who meddle with it. An adventurous girl—one of those modern adventurous girls—goes to the rescue of a victim, and lands herself in hair-raising situations. "The Prisoner in the Opal," like the wine of the château in the story, comes of an approved vintage, and it maintains the vintage standard.

The irony of Michael Arlen is tempered with idealism in "Lily Christine" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.) The careless innocence of Lily Christine was her undoing; her constancy, and the stainlessness of her, were beyond the comprehension of the baser sort. It is not enough to be innocent in this world if you walk unwarily; that, in its dazzling Arlenesque dress, is the sad truth about Lily Christine. She was unfortunate in having married a popular cricketer who was a moral coward. The ultimate truth about *him* is not omitted by Mr. Arlen. Pamela Frankau deals with another martyrdom of innocence, not less lamentable because it was self-imposed. Janet, intoxicated by an Italian holiday, fairly rushed into the arms of her seducer. Maxwell Ferini, the consumptive lady-killer, is disposed of, not without theatricality, but one is left wondering about the much bigger story that will begin when Janet and David, the faithful lover, are man and wife. Miss Frankau's "Three" (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.) is clever, and the minor characters are as brightly observed as the principals.

"Squirrel's Cage" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), by Godfrey Winn, is a novel of the salad days of some engaging young people, and the salad is refreshingly crisp. It is a stage story, very lifelike, and not omitting the lodgings and the landlady. In "Ask the Young" (Gollancz; 5s.) W. B. Trites exposes the posturings of Clancy and Reuben, the too-emancipated offspring of meek, prosperous American parents. Clancy and Reuben, being young, knew everything—"Ask the young, they know everything," says the Spanish proverb—except the vital lessons that experience proceeds grimly to dictate to them. "Ask the Young" was first published in 1924, and is now reissued, presumably following on the success of "The Gypsy." Clancy and Reuben had no reticences, and they proclaimed their sex obsessions with tumult and shouting, so that this is not everybody's book.

"Brown on Resolution" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is the history of Albert Brown, ordinary seaman, who fought a German cruiser single-handed. He held it up for two days, thereby deflecting the course of certain naval proceedings in the Great War. It is an audacious conception, carried through with C. S. Forester's characteristic spirit. Brown at bay on Resolution, entrenched behind the knife-like ridges of lava and armed with a looted German rifle, is a tremendously heroic figure. But then he was the come-by-chance child of an obstinately plucky woman and a naval officer with the sea in his blood. Mr. Saville-Samarez, the father, could not have been a Lieutenant-Commander in 1893, but the other incredibilities in the book are so well done that they are very nearly convincing. "The Mountain of Gold" (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.) is another novel of super-adventure, in which E. Winch locates El Dorado, and sends a gallant fortune-hunter to discover it. The "something lost behind the ranges" included in this case some white survivors from an earlier adventure, and when Eustace Vere decided to settle down in the far country with a lovely girl and let the gold-mine remain unknown to the world, his judgment was obviously sound. A gold rush is not conducted in the missionary spirit, and it is nice to know that the simple valley-dwellers escaped it.



MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE,
Author of "The Seven Dials Mystery."



MR. C. S. FORESTER,
Author of "Brown on Resolution."



MR. GODFREY WINN,
Author of "Squirrel's Cage."



SIR PHILIP GIBBS,
Author of "Darkened Rooms."



MR. D. L. MURRAY,
Author of "The Bride Adorned."

There are passages of beauty in "The Bride Adorned" (Constable; 7s. 6d.). D. L. Murray has reconstructed Rome in the 'sixties, a period just far enough away to be blurred, and just near enough to be crowded with recognisable figures. He says that he owes much to the many writers who saw Papal Rome with their own eyes, and he is to be congratulated on the result of his researches. Though a pleasant romance is worked in, Rome herself is the dominant interest. He has taken her in one of the most critical years of her modern history.

"Expiation" (Macmillans; 7s. 6d.) by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," is a portrait group of the commonplace family reeling at the assault of the unseemly and the unexpected. First there was Ernest Bott's outrageous will, cutting off poor Milly from suburban affluence, and then there was the odious discovery that Milly had — well, she really *had*, you know, and she deserved the cutting-off. And yet she was plump, and she was gentle, and she looked so good. The Botts were staggered. Elizabeth's enjoyment of their confusion is infectious, and "Expiation" is an entrancing novel.

There are two good detective stories to be recommended, both neatly plotted out. Agatha Christie, in "The Seven Dials Mystery" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), specialises in complicated machinations and suspense very artfully contrived. These are the things her public demands of her, and these are the things she has given them. Yet the opening chapter raises a wistful thought. It is a little comedy of manners, too quickly revealed and effaced; it suggests another medium in which Mrs. Christie could write successfully, if she were not tied to crime fiction.

"The Studio Crime" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.) lines up the suspects in the first chapters, and puts them through their paces. It is the present convention, of course; the more suspicious characters the merrier. Its drawback is that it puts the reader to unnecessary trouble in disentangling their identities, which are further confused by a deluge of Christian names, and surnames, and nicknames. Ianthe Jerrold writes too easily not to have been able to get over this little difficulty. The turns and twists of the real murderer are cunningly masked; and, granted the long arm of coincidence, the manner of the crime is likely enough.



COUNTESS RUSSELL
("Elizabeth and her German Garden"). Author of "Expiation."

AUTHORS OF THE MOMENT: THE WRITERS OF SOME NEW NOVELS.

AN EARLY BRITISH SHIELD FROM WALES:
A NEW LINK IN THE STORY OF ARMOUR.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION BY MR. W. J. HEMP, F.S.A. PHOTOGRAPH 8 BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



1. THE GRIMTHORPE SHIELD: A RECONSTRUCTION (WITH OUTLINE TAKEN FROM FIG. 7).

1

"Fifty-six years ago (writes Mr. W. J. Hemp), when quarrymen were making a road through the defences of a native fortress crowning the mountain known as Moel Hiraddug, in the Vale of Clwyd, in North Wales, they found several thin plates of bronze, with the remains of an iron sword blade, at the bottom of the rock-cut ditch, and covered by débris of the wall it

[Continued in Box 2.

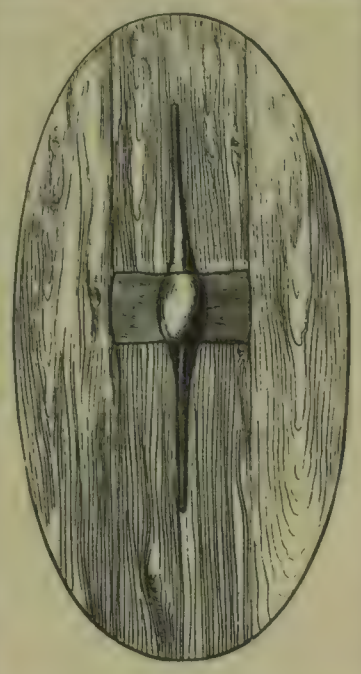


2. A STATUE OF A GAUL (FROM MONTDRAGON) LEANING ON A WOODEN SHIELD SIMILAR TO FIG. 3. (DATE, 240-230 B.C.)

4

plain iron boss of the Continental examples is now becoming a decorative feature, the ends having been expanded into large crescent-shaped ornaments, embellished with studs of coral or red enamel, and possibly washed with tin, as in the case of the two other small plates found with them. The wooden bracers also are now sheathed by the bronze. Fig. 1 is a reconstruction

[Continued in Box 5.



3. A WOODEN SHIELD FOUND AT LA TÈNE, MADE OF THREE BOARDS, WITH WOOD BRACERS AND AN IRON BOSS.

2

defended. The plates were pronounced to be 'part of a Roman helmet,' but, although they eventually found a home in a museum, it has only recently been recognised that two of them form part of the decoration of a British shield, and that all of them date from the second century B.C. (Figs. 4, 5, and 6). Shields belonging to the period of La Tène are very rarely found in Britain, and the bronze decorations which distinguish them in this country are not found on Continental examples. Any addition to the list of some half-dozen already known to exist is therefore of interest, and this particular specimen supplies an important link in the development of the type, from the simple wooden shields with an iron boss to protect the grip, such as were discovered among the remains of habitations at La Tène, in Switzerland, up

[Continued in Box 3.



4. THE NEW DISCOVERY: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE HIRADDUG SHIELD.



5. THE HIRADDUG SHIELD — A SIDE VIEW OF BRONZE SHEATH COVERING GRIP AND RIBS.

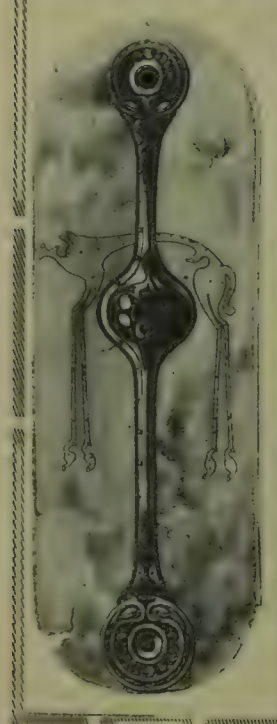


6. BRONZE ORNAMENTS OF THE HIRADDUG SHIELD: PART OF THE DISCOVERY ON A WELSH MOUNTAIN.

5

of a shield from the metal decorations found in a grave at Grimthorpe, in Yorkshire, and now in the British Museum. In this case the crescents have broken loose from the central boss, and have become a purely decorative feature, while circular enamelled ornaments have been added to the ends of the bracers. Note also the classical character of the pattern bordering the crescents. The final development of the type is shown by Fig. 8, the magnificent Battersea shield. The whole surface is now sheathed in bronze; the crescents have coalesced into a circular ornament surrounding the boss, which itself is now circular; while the ornaments at the end of the bracers have been greatly developed, and the bracers themselves have disappeared, although their memory is preserved by the

[Continued in Box 6.



7. THE WITHAM SHIELD: THE EXAMPLE THAT SUPPLIED THE OUTLINE FOR FIG. 1.

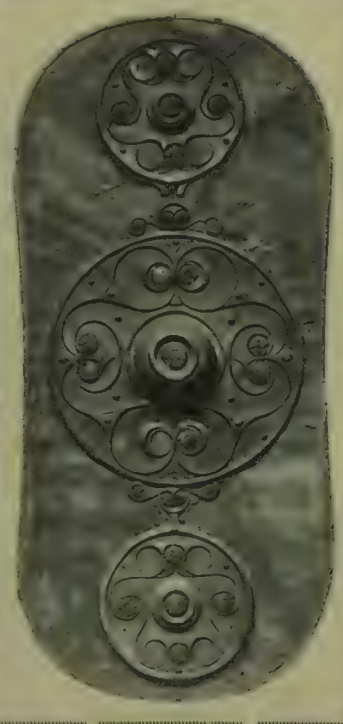
3

to the elaborately decorated bronze shield found in the Thames at Battersea (Fig. 8), now one of the glories of the Iron Age Gallery in the British Museum. This Battersea shield perhaps marks the highest point reached by native British art before it was destroyed by the influence of Rome—an art which could trace its unbroken descent from the palmette pattern of classical Greece, and so from the lotus flower of Egypt. The course of the development of the British shield is clearly shown by the illustrations. Fig. 3 is actually drawn from a shield of wood found at La Tène, and shows that it was made of three boards, strengthened by bracers of wood, and furnished with an iron boss to protect the grip. Fig. 2 is a statue in the Musée Calvet at Avignon; it represents a Gaul leaning on a wooden shield very similar to Fig. 3; the side view shows the projection of the boss which protects the user's hand. This statue can be dated between 240 and 230 B.C. Another and more familiar figure with a similar shield is that of the 'Dying Gaul.' Fig. 4 is the new Hiraddug shield, typologically the earliest example from this country, although contemporary with No. 7. The

[Continued in Box 4.

6

pattern connecting the three main ornaments. Fig. 7 is contemporary with the Hiraddug shield, but illustrates another line of development from Fig. 3. The projecting sides of the iron boss have been absorbed instead of being expanded into crescents, while the boss and bracers have been developed into a single decorative feature. Apart from its artistic interest, the Hiraddug discovery is of value, as, although precise dating is impossible, it proves the early existence of the Hill Fort and its assault and probable capture; since neither would such a valuable possession as a shield of this type be casually thrown away, nor would its owner receive ceremonial burial in the bottom of a fort ditch, merely covered by the ruins of the wall. The value attached to it is further suggested by the fact that, as shown by Fig. 6, it had already been broken and mended before it was finally abandoned after being again broken. A complete description of all the plates will be published in 'Archæologia Cambrensis.'" The "Everyman" Encyclopædia says: "The practice of having a device on the shield was in vogue in the 4th century B.C. The early Roman shields were round, whilst the *scutum* of the Punic Wars was oblong."



8. THE MAGNIFICENT BATTERSEA SHIELD, FOUND IN THE THAMES: THE ACME OF BRITISH ART BEFORE ROMAN INFLUENCE.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:
ENGLISH HANGING MIRRORS.—III.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE middle of the eighteenth century is by far the most interesting period in the history of English furniture. It saw a number of developments from the earlier practice—the supersession of walnut by mahogany, at all events in the London trade, a very definite and radical revolution in style; and, still more important, the rise of the designer. At the head of the latter movement (for which he was largely responsible, though not so entirely as some have thought) was that romantic genius and particularly able man of business, Thomas Chippendale. His well-known publication, produced in circumstances at which we can still only guess, but supported by the subscriptions of persons of all grades of society and of cabinet-makers throughout the kingdom, remains the most conspicuous of the English pattern-books of the period. How far he was personally responsible for the designs, one cannot say. There are a number of his original drawings at South Kensington, and others with a good pedigree were quite discreditably allowed to go to New York some ten years ago. These show him to have been a poor and unimaginative draughtsman, using a heavy, uncultured line. But the ideas are there, gathered from wide and curious sources. Like Homer in Mr. Kipling's little verse—

> What he thought he might require
> He went and took . . .

And so we get that amazing series of exercises in various manners: Early Georgian, Louis XV., Chinese, "Gothic," and the authentic Chippendale, which in some of its manifestations—chairs, for instance—is perhaps the best thing the British cabinet-maker has yet produced. Of course, the scores of cabinet-makers who subscribed to his book did so as a matter of business. They were out to use the designs—and that is the point I wish to make. For it marks the beginning of the subordination of the craftsman, first of all into a human machine reproducing other men's ideas, and so downwards to our own time, when his individuality has pretty well been extinguished altogether.



FIG. 1. AN ENGLISH HANGING MIRROR, IN FRENCH ROCOCO STYLE, CARVED AND GILT: AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN. (*C.* 1745.)

By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son.

In the matter of hanging mirrors this process is fairly well illustrated. The rigid lines and architectural ornaments of the Early Georgian epoch soon broke up under the influence of the French rococo style—an excellent specimen of which, in its English transformation, we reproduce in Fig. 1. The outer frame is treated with a good deal of restraint; the curves of the scrolls are boldly and judiciously struck; and, stiff as is the shell and leaf ornament clothing them, the latter is in no way overcrowded or out of proportion. The basket of flowers, treated also with unusual modesty, admirably crowns the composition.

As, however, the pattern-books got well into their stride, we look in vain for reticence in design. On a foundation of Louis Quinze ornament, the designers fairly let themselves go to all sorts of lengths. The amazing fact is that the skill of our carvers was so great that they kept pace even with the more extreme fancies of the makers of design. To Chippendale's patterns, so well known already, we need not refer at the moment. A book, nearly contemporary with the "Director," which has not the qualities of that great work, but possesses considerable interest of its own, is the publication of Ince and Mayhew—"The Universal System of Household Furniture consisting of above 300 designs in the most elegant taste both useful and ornamental. Finely engraved in which the nature of ornament and perspective is accurately explained. The whole made convenient to the Nobility and Gentry in their choice and comprehension to the workman by directions for executing the several designs with specimens of ornament for young practitioners in drgs. By Ince and Mayhew, Broad Street, Golden Square, London." It is by no means without significance that this book has also a title in French. As will be seen from Fig. 2, reproducing Plate LXXVIII. from this work, the designs are engraved with real skill and their draughtsmanship has considerable merit. At times they approximate to the fantastic, but it must be remembered, in dealing with all work of this kind, that it does not provide accurate records of objects as executed. The designer's motive was to supply a mass of pattern for use, so to speak, in gross or in detail. From such a print as our example, the mirror-maker might be content to borrow merely one of the groups of columns, or even only a few sprays of foliage. One cannot insist too strongly on the fact that an exact correspondence with one of the old engraved designs in itself implies an element of danger. Here, Ince and Mayhew follow a common practice of the pattern-books in giving alternative designs. That on the left is comparatively simple, with an amusing flavour of "Gothic" in the crocketed pinnacles rather incongruously surmounting some quite graceful columns. In the other design, they are more lavish with material. Foliage and scrolls, birds, squirrels, and a well-drawn draped female figure in the centre, are ingeniously thrown together with what might be called a general flavouring from the Chinese. But there is nothing in the detail of either of these designs, whatever may be our opinion of them as complete compositions, which could not have been, if it actually never was, carried out by the carvers of those days. There was really almost no limit to their skill; and when one considers the mirrors that can with reasonable certainty be attributed to the large Chippendale workshops, one easily appreciates the—at first sight—over-elaborate patterns with which they may happen to be associated.



FIG. 2. DESIGNS FOR HANGING MIRRORS; FROM "THE UNIVERSAL SYSTEM OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE," BY INCE AND MAYHEW: "EXTREME FANCIES" ALMOST CONTEMPORARY WITH CHIPPENDALE'S "DIRECTOR."



FIG. 3. A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE OF PROFUSE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN: AN ENGLISH HANGING MIRROR, CARVED AND GILT. (*C.* 1760.)

By Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.

For instance, attention may be drawn to the vigour and grace of the scrolls in Fig. 4, and the delicacy of the beautifully carved foliage, which is somewhat sparsely distributed on the outer elements. In this design it would have been a serious fault so to overload the frame with decorative detail as to take away the attention from the charming manner in which the mirror is built up with its separate compartments. And the way in which all the lines lead up to the spray of foliage at the top is the sort of thing that is only devised by a master.

It is in another example (Fig. 3) that we can show how competent were the carvers of mirror-frames to carry out and even to amplify the ideas of the designers. This brilliant example of the Chippendale style in its most profuse and luxurious manifestation might well have been deemed impracticable if seen only in the cold and unsympathetic lines of engraving. The ingenuity of the design is extraordinary, for it must not be forgotten that, in all this mass of diverse decoration, strength had to be provided to carry the by no means inconsiderable weight of the glass.

Yet there is no single detail in the visible frame which does not play its part in the decorative design, as well as in the structure. The ribbon running across the front is a characteristic touch, as are the ears of corn and the grapes. The fairy heads crowned with columbine are unusual; but the whole arrangement is somewhat away from usual lines. Chippendale's best-known mirrors—and, indeed, those of many of his contemporaries—so often have the long-necked birds which were so popular, and a very definite flavour of that mid-eighteenth century *Chinoiserie* which is so different from the timid experiments of the Queen Anne decorators. The great school of carvers who worked from about 1750 to 1780 were equal to anything in the way of carved ornament, and not the least of their opportunities were provided by the designers of mirror-frames. The style did not last long, and the end of the century saw a return to comparative severity and simplicity of outline—with a corresponding loss of craftsmanship—the price that generally has to be paid for what is called purity of design



FIG. 4. AN ENGLISH HANGING MIRROR, CARVED AND GILT (*C.* 1755): A MASTERLY DESIGN LEADING UP TO THE TOP SPRAY OF FOLIAGE.

By Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.

ENGLISH DECORATIVE ART OF FOUR CENTURIES.

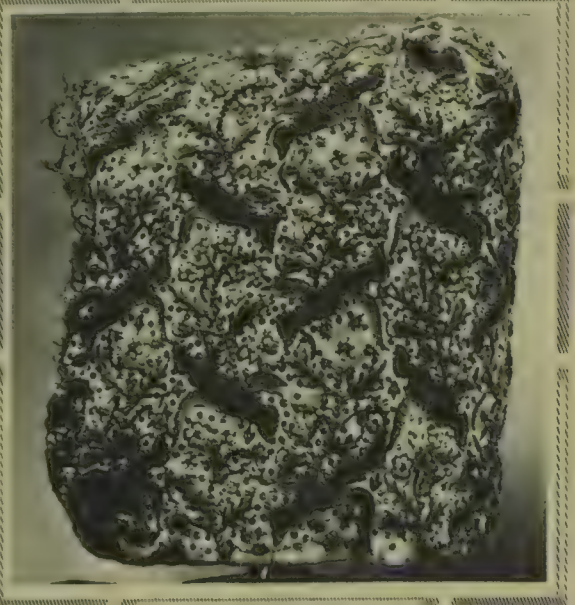
TAPESTRIES AND EMBROIDERIES TO BE SHOWN AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE.



1. AN EMBROIDERED TUNIC WORN BY MARGARET LATON (1579—1662); LENT BY GENERAL SIR JOHN HEADLAM.



2. THE "HISTORY OF JUDAH": A TAPESTRY SHOWING AN ELIZABETHAN BED—FROM CHASTLETON HOUSE; LENT BY MRS. GUBBAY.



3. AN ELIZABETHAN WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS (AS SHOWN IN A PORTRAIT OF MARGARET LATON); LENT BY MR. FRANK WARD.



4. ASSOCIATED, BY TRADITION, WITH MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, PERHAPS INCORRECTLY: AN EMBROIDERED VALANCE, WITH FIGURES IN RICHLY COLOURED COSTUMES; LENT BY LORD FORBES.



5. "SUMMER": ONE OF THE FOUR SHELDON TAPESTRIES, REPRESENTING THE SEASONS, FROM HATFIELD, DATED 1611 AND BEARING THE ARMS OF SIR JOHN TRACY OF TODDINGTON; LENT BY LORD SALISBURY.



6. AN EMBROIDERED CORONET CUSHION COVER: AN ELIZABETHAN EXAMPLE, WITH RAISED WORK; LENT BY MR. FRANK WARD.

7. "SPRING": A NEEDLEWORK PICTURE OF THE TYPE USUALLY CALLED "QUEEN ANNE," BUT DATED 1730-9; LENT BY MR. FRANK WARD.



These photographs illustrate some of the most noteworthy exhibits in the tapestry and embroidery section of the Loan Exhibition of English Decorative and Domestic Art (including also plate and furniture) to be opened on February 18 at Lansdowne House, which has been lent for the purpose by Mr. Gordon Selfridge. The exhibition, which is under the patronage of the Queen, has been organised by a committee, with Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox as chairman, on behalf of the funds of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. It covers a period of more than four centuries, from the age of the Tudors up to the nineteenth century, and promises to be of exceptional interest, especially for purposes of comparison with the display of Dutch Art at the Royal Academy. The King and Queen have themselves lent some choice examples from Windsor and Buckingham Palace, while other treasures have come from colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, from Winchester College, and from the City Companies. Many private owners have also lent some of the best pieces in their collections. The tapestries include fine specimens of the Sheldon looms, the first established in England, by William Sheldon in 1561. Further particulars regarding the exhibition, and the items here illustrated, will be found in an article on page 296 in this number. The above photographs are numbered to correspond with references in the article.

Fashions & Fancies



A charming hat for the Riviera in natural Baku, trimmed and piped with black satin. The brim is twisted in a most original way. At Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Amusing New Fantasies.

At the time of writing, the season's official dress parades have not yet begun. But a few, behind sealed doors, have revealed to the privileged a glimpse of the coming season's caprices. For the daytime, the short coat over a frock to match is a very important phase of the mode. One noticeable ensemble boasted, in addition to the short coat, a fascinating little waistcoat-scarf, narrow in the centre and broadening at the ends, with tiny buttons to fasten each side, so that it could be worn as a small cape hanging down the back, as a waistcoat in front, or as a long scarf twisted round the neck. Another "either or" idea was introduced on an evening frock, two long pennons hanging from the waist at the back, which could either be allowed to fall as a double train or be caught up to each shoulder, forming long loops pouching over the waistline. To revert to daytime modes, a tweed short coat with a dress to match is very smart, especially when faced with saffron-coloured kasha. Crêpe-de-Chine and wool jersey are also used for these ensembles. Knitted jumper suits are, of course, just as much in evidence. The "natural" colour is still good, with broad broken diagonals here and there of bright geranium mixed with brown and yellow. A "battlement" design round the waist instead of a belt is visible on one smart jumper, and on others a broad leather belt is worn at the natural waistline.

Printed Moiré and Satin.

It is rather surprising, when one remembers the vogue for printed frocks last spring, to find that patterned materials are still fashionable both for afternoon and evening frocks. Moiré printed in exquisite colourings has been used for one beautiful Paris model, and satin sprigged with tiny malmaisons for another. Sometimes you may see a short evening coatee of printed satin with a plain chiffon frock, trimmed simply with a large bustle bow and train of the satin, or, alternatively, a printed chiffon frock completed with a plain satin coatee lined with the chiffon. Sometimes the coatee is so small that it is actually a bolero with long sleeves. The mode owes its inception to the despotic reign of bridge. There is always one person away from the fire, and a small coat which does not detract from the line of the frock is indeed a blessing.

Hats for the Riviera and the Early Spring.

Straw hats for the Riviera are engaging every milliner's attention just now, and sketched above are two of the latest models from Robert Heath's, of Knightsbridge, S.W. On the left is a charming hat of natural Baku, trimmed with black satin ribbon round the crown and a tiny black piping to the interesting brim. Above is a black Java straw, encircled with black and white petersham ribbon and ornamented with a fascinating little ornament consisting of three mother-o'-pearl circles, the centre one being in the "smoky" colouring. There are any amount of shady straws in every colour and size, and also hats combining straw and felt, which is much in vogue. This firm's famous sports felts are available from 30s., and berets of waterproof velvet range from 37s. 6d.



A shady black Java straw, relieved with black and white petersham ribbon, and three mother-o'-pearl ornaments in the clear and "smoky" tints. From Robert Heath's.



A trim travelling coat of checked Saxony, faced with the plain material, a new model for the spring created by the famous firm of Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W. This house is well known all over the world for its sports and "country" clothes, made from materials woven to its own designs.

Travelling and Motoring Coats.

Travelling coats for the Blue Train must necessarily be as smart and practical as possible nowadays. A firm who have long been famous for well-cut coats of very reliable materials is Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., who have a large collection of "between season" models. A trim and attractive model is the one pictured in the centre of this page, carried out in checked Saxony with the scarf, collar, and facings in a plain colour. They specialise in pure wool materials of this nature in their own weaves, and they can be had either weatherproof or waterproof.

The "Smoking" Handbag.

Whoever is the clever person who creates new ideas in handbags, seems never at a loss to devise something new and original. Amongst the new bags at the famous firm of J. C. Vickery, Regent Street, W., for instance, are those sketched below, which include, in the right-hand corner, a "smoking" handbag. The flat tray which is seen open contains a lighter, place for cigarettes, and matches, and, when shut, forms a lower tray to an ordinary pouched handbag. The price is £5 5s., and it is carried out in calf. Above is a calf bag in quite a new shape, available for 37s. 6d., and, opposite, a beautifully fitted travelling case in beige crushed morocco which can be carried perfectly easily like a large envelope-shaped handbag. There is also a new "Lucky Bean" bag shaped like a large bean, which can be obtained for £5 17s. 6d. in shagreen and leather.



A group of the latest handbags from J. C. Vickery's Regent Street, W. Beige crushed morocco with enamelled fittings distinguishes the travelling-bag on the left, and opposite is a new "pouched" shape in calf; below is a "smoker's" bag, with the base forming a convenient tray for lighter, cigarettes, and matches.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MR. SCHNABEL IN ENGLAND.

BY the time this article appears in print, Londoners will have had three opportunities of hearing Mr. Artur Schnabel play. The first was at a recital at the Æolian Hall on Jan. 11 at the first of Mr. Gerald Cooper's series of chamber concerts; the second was at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday, Jan. 31; and the third, and last occasion for the present, was on Feb. 11 at the Queen's Hall, when Mr. Schnabel gave a pianoforte recital prior to his departure from England.

Between these dates Mr. Schnabel played at a number of towns, including Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dublin, and Oxford, and wherever he has been he has left an impression quite unlike that made by any other artist in modern times. In the first place his programmes were entirely "serious," which is nowadays so rare as to be in itself startling. And what do I mean by "serious"? It is important to consider this. By serious music one can only mean music that makes some real demand on the capacity of the public to listen to it. By serious music I do not mean solemn or heavy music. For example, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is serious music, although it is serene and gay. In order to enjoy it fully, the auditor must listen attentively, because it is a wonderful piece of exact musical design; it is not a mere tickling of the ear with sounds, in spite of its riotous humour and jollity. So Mozart's "Figaro," "Don Juan," and "Cosi fan tutte" are all serious music, although they are brilliant and witty, and the antithesis of everything that is ponderous and solemn.

On the other hand, Sullivan's "Lost Chord," in spite of its painful solemnity, is, in my opinion, not serious music, because it makes no demand whatever upon the brain of him who listens to it; it merely afflicts him emotionally as a crying child might. Unfortunately, however, a great number of musicians have sunk to incredible depths of triviality and frivolity, and since the war famous artists like Kreisler have taken the line of least resistance, and have ceased to bother to take their audiences seriously, or to make any demands upon them. We may assume that they have not wished to make demands upon themselves, because, before a musician can make demands upon his public, he has to make them upon his own powers first of all.

Naturally, the public will grow indifferent to a musician who says in effect: "Lend me your ears and all the concentrated power of your attention, for I have something extremely interesting to say," and then proceeds to play the "Tambourin Chinois," or some other idiotic trifle. If a musician feels disinclined to make any greater efforts than playing such knick-knacks as "Tambourin Chinois" involves, he must not ask more from his public than from himself; he must let them consume his trifles with half an ear, as it were. And it is this lazy and flattering attitude towards the public which has become the model for most virtuosos to-day. In order to preserve the appearance of being real musicians, and not mere mountebanks or music-hall performers, they arrange their programmes so that they may begin with some "serious" piece of music. The names of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, or Mozart are those most commonly drawn upon to give an appearance of solidity and value to the programme by the inclusion of one sonata, and then all pretence is thrown aside, and, that piece of hypocrisy—for such it would seem to be—dispensed with, the real business begins—with what is popularly known as the "fireworks."

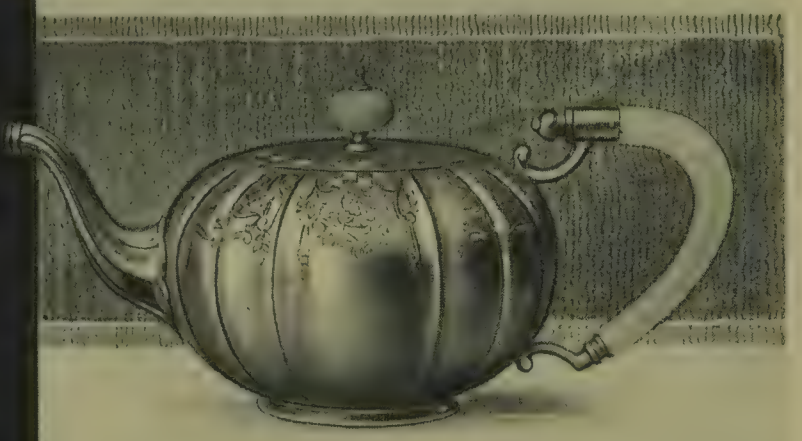
A series of pieces like Liszt's "La Campanella" wind up programmes which are supposed to be ingeniously constructed so as to impart a little good bread to a great deal of jam. But it is strange that so few musicians should realise that it is the jam which becomes nauseating and boring, not the bread. We all know that we can spoil our appetites and our powers of digestion by eating nothing but sweets and trifles, and so our powers of musical understanding and assimilation also suffer under this pernicious diet of "fireworks" to such an extent that the habit of attention and perhaps, temporarily, the *power* of attention is lost. Therefore, when a musician like Mr. Schnabel comes along and plays a programme which consists of, say, Bach's Italian Concerto, Schubert's four Impromptus Op. 143, and concluding with Beethoven's Sonata in C minor Op. 111, the average English audience is astonished.

To listen to Beethoven's C minor Sonata Op. 111 at the end of such a programme demands nothing more than a cultivated musical audience should be able to give. The sonata only lasts about twenty-three minutes, but it is a tremendous work, one of the greatest ever written for the pianoforte, and it is not to be grasped with half an ear or one ear. In fact, it needs the closest attention to take in this wonderful fabric of musical construction, but it is an effort of attention which brings its own reward. It is in the nature of fireworks to blaze up and to go out immediately, but the C minor Sonata remains in the mind as an unforgettable experience once it has been heard.

Mr. Schnabel can confidently make the necessary demands upon the attention of his audiences because he makes even greater demands upon himself. The power of intense concentration and understanding which goes to make up one of his performances of this Beethoven sonata, for example, is beyond the capacity of most living virtuosos. The consequence is that his performances are really thrilling. They have the dramatic intensity and vitality of all first-rate achievements which are done by the expenditure of human brains, human passions, and human endurance of rare excellence working under tremendous pressure.

It is no wonder that the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on Jan. 31 was sold out when Mr. Schnabel played the Beethoven E flat Concerto, for no such playing has been heard in London for at least a decade, if then. It is indeed an especial pleasure to hear Mr. Schnabel play with orchestra, since his sense of the orchestral and his extraordinary art of *ensemble* playing with the orchestra are so rare. He is concerned with the music, not with himself or his powers, and he expends all his powers in giving as complete expression to the music as possible, so that the performance of the E flat Concerto, for example, was quite unique in its coherence, unity, and vitality. The whole composition, in all its strange and significant exposed nakedness of outline, was completely framed and presented. I have never heard the mysterious introduction to the finale so impressively and speakingly given, and the semi-concluding tympani passage, with pianoforte, was extraordinarily moving.

[*Continued overleaf.*

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Continued.]

The E flat Concerto is one of the most difficult works in the pianist's repertory. It can so easily be made to sound a noisy and rather empty work, simply because it takes real musical imagination to understand the somewhat bleak and bare structure of Beethoven's thought in this work. But when properly understood, and played as Mr. Schnabel played it, then we can all perceive what a wonderful creation this concerto is, and how utterly unlike it is to anything that preceded it (even from Beethoven's hand) or has succeeded it.

Such revelations are what we expect from the true artist, and it is a great pity that we shall have to wait now until Mr. Schnabel returns to England before we have any likelihood of further revelations. The pianists who can cope with the E flat Concerto and the Diotelli Variations are not likely to be found many times in a generation. W. J. TURNER.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(*Continued from Page 256.*)

and must be finely calculated, may be something of a revelation. Nor is the importance of types overlooked by the veriest tyro in filmcraft. The searching eye of the camera is too well respected to allow of any dealings in camouflage. M. Pudovkin recognises the value of the film-actor in the artificial surroundings of the popular film—sweepingly referred to by him as American—but for his own work, against the stark truth of his backgrounds and in the welter of real emotions, he needs the real article—not actors or actresses. Does he? Is M. Pudovkin going to limit himself to the peasant boy, the woman of the people, the crowd, the uncultured Mongol? Does he really deny to the sensitive artist the power of getting right into the skin of a part, provided he be rightly cast? Mr. Jannings, whom he happened to mention, was obviously acting as Tartuffe and as Paul I. In "The Last Command" he was again assuming a part that was not himself, but in which he was able to lose himself entirely, and the result was an effect of the utmost sincerity. The peasant boy of "The End of St. Petersburg" will, I take it, play again for M. Pudovkin, or has already done so, just as Mme. Baranovskaia, who plays the workman's wife, has already a great performance to her credit in "The Mother."

Thus the "type" becomes in due course a film-actor and actress, without, I take it, ceasing to be a type. What is needed by such creative directors as M. Pudovkin is the sensitive artist who will not oppose his inelastic methods to those of his producer, nor seek to embellish with his own mannerisms the character he is called upon to assume. I admit that amongst the "stars" such shining lights are few and easily snuffed out by the idolatry of their public. But they exist. They can be found amongst the rank and file. Once in a while they come to the fore in some minor part, and sometimes an inspired director will gather them together, each one in his right place, each one perfectly cast, each one a type and an artist. Then we get a masterpiece.

"THE RESCUE."

Ronald Colman's latest vehicle at the New Gallery should be seen by all lovers of picturesque adventure. Not since "Beau Geste" has the popular star found a part so obviously congenial or so well suited to his personality. The excellent story is lifted from the pages of Joseph Conrad's famous novel. The central figure, Tom Lingard, gentleman adventurer and staunch ally of certain native potentates, sailing his own schooner for his own purposes amongst the islands of the Java seas, comes to the rescue of a pleasure yacht stranded at the mouth of an inlet where unseen danger lurks. The nature of that danger, how "King Tom" sought to warn, then to save the yachting party, and thereby lost himself, forms a theme full of colour and excitement. Fraught, too, with a queer underlying sense of fatality and an atmosphere of impending doom that Herbert Brenon, the producer, has suggested in a masterly fashion. Pictorially, the film has much beauty. Those lonely seas where Tom meets the *femme fatale* and forgets for a brief space, but with tragic results, the claims of friendship; those smiling shores that we come to eye with apprehension, the Native Court (albeit here the extravagance and uniformity of the costumier's designs smack somewhat of musical comedy)—all this has given the director a chance for spectacular effect of which the perfect camera-work has made the most. But the chief thing is that the story has the right quality of high adventure, that it is admirably acted by all concerned, that Ronald Colman is at his best, and that he finds in Lili Damita a new partner of insinuating loveliness. "The Rescue" should fill the New Gallery for some weeks to come.

THE DIAMOND CRISIS.

(*Continued from Page 268.*)

was re-established by perfecting the system of monopoly which had been outlined before the war; by creating what we may call the "malthusiation" of the diamond. The richest among the diamond companies constituted a "Diamond Syndicate," which bought the output of the smaller companies and rationed the sales each year so far as that was necessary to maintain remunerative prices. The excess production was accumulated in safes.

The diamond industry enjoyed great prosperity in 1924, 1925, and 1926. Already it was hoped that the diamond had definitely found again, if not its exceptional place among objects of luxury, at all events its fixed value. But we live in an epoch when everything multiplies itself and teems. The "Diamond Syndicate" had hardly established its monopoly on a basis which everyone considered immovable when, in 1926, along the Orange River, in the district of Lichtemberg and in Namaqualand, places were discovered where diamonds could be picked up among the pebbles, or by merely scratching the earth. Thousands of people crowded to those places, where a man by himself, without needing capital or machinery, could make his fortune in a few weeks. So many diamonds were found in a few months that in 1927 the most flourishing South African mines saw themselves threatened by such a fall in prices as would almost have ruined them.

It was necessary to have recourse to heroic measures. The Syndicate bought from the seekers who had searched those new places eight million pounds' worth of diamonds, which were thus withdrawn from commerce. But, as even a multi-millionaire syndicate could not indefinitely withstand such enormous conversions, there was passed in the Cape Town Parliament a law which, by various rather complicated enactments, gave the Government power to limit the exploitation of diamond-fields. In this way they hope finally to have eliminated the danger of ruinous over-production. But there are sceptics who do not think that any human law is capable to-day of checking human cupidity excited by so many treasures within its grasp. Indeed, it is already being said that the diamond-fields discovered and exploited in 1926 are but a small part of an immense extent of land, stretching for many miles on both sides of the fabulous Orange River, where men need only stoop down to the earth to pick up millions!

. . . . . .

This desperate struggle of the diamond interest against abundance is in itself curious. But it has a much greater importance looked at in the light of its deep significance. In a case which is simple, clear and characteristic, it shows us the greatness and weakness of our time, and makes us vividly aware of the great drama of our tortured existence, which is the struggle between quality and quantity.

[*Continued overleaf*



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P.511.

Continued.]

Why does the diamond industry seek to struggle with such desperate efforts against the abundance which it has itself created by applying to the extraction of that precious crystal the energy, activity, and powerful means which are at the disposal of our epoch? Because the value of an object of luxury is not only determined by its intrinsic worth, but also by its rarity. It is, perhaps, the weakness of human nature which imposes this somewhat humiliating law upon our pride as intelligent human beings; but it is a sovereign law. If all the pebbles we found in the fields were diamonds they would be no less beautiful! But, despite their beauty, they would be worthless. The pictures of Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci are worth millions of pounds because they are beautiful, and because there is only one for sale about every ten or twenty years. If there were a Raphael or a Leonardo da Vinci in the market every month, they would not be less beautiful, but they would only be worth a few thousand francs.

A civilisation which incessantly increases the production of everything must necessarily destroy all forms of luxury by vulgarising them. You may say that, in destroying the diamond luxury, modern industry is doing no harm to humanity. Humanity will not be less happy if one day peasants and cooks are able to wear diamonds! But beyond bread, which prevents us from dying of hunger, clothes which protect us against the cold, and the roof which shelters us, all the rest is mere luxury in our lives. But even the most barbarous peoples and the poorest classes have their luxuries, objects which they desire not because they are necessary to their physical existence, but because they realise an ideal of perfection and beauty, however coarse and humble it may be. Man only lives for luxury under one form or another, because it is the enjoyment of luxury which gives to the life of all peoples and all classes its value and almost its savour.

But the psychological law is the same for all luxurious joys, whether it be a question of natural objects or of manufactured articles, of the diamonds with which millionaires decorate their wives, or of the ribbons with which the work-girls embellish their hats. Abundance and too great facility in procuring them take away a part of the value and savour from the luxuries on which men live, no matter what they may be. The quality of things is always bound up with a certain limitation: they can only be enjoyed by a sacrifice corresponding to their quantity. The man who knows how to live is he who, no matter what his social position may be, knows how to find that exact balance which is adapted to his temperament, his taste, and his means. A civilisation which subordinates everything to the quantity of possessions will only make life duller and more monotonous for all classes of society, by levelling the quality of things to a universal and too easily attained mediocrity.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

TYRE TROUBLES AND A POSSIBLE PANACEA.

IF you had the free granting of one wish about your motoring, promised by the current edition of the fairy godmother, what would you ask for? Only those owners who have beautifully trained chauffeurs and a banking account which disregards upkeep bills would not instantly reply, "Freedom from tyre troubles." And I am prepared to bet that most of those, too, would say the same thing. Of all the different worries—of no importance in themselves except in their effect on our attitude towards life—to which we are subject as car-owners, tyre-troubles are to-day the most maddening. To-day, and yesterday, and before the war, and ever since the original Dunlop invention, the disaster which is recognised as the last straw is the failure of a tyre. To mitigate the special agonies peculiar to this misfortune, every imaginable kind of easy tyre-changing device has been made, from the ancient stepney wheel, the American split rim, the contracting rim, the detachable rim, to the detachable wheel we have to-day. Which, as they say in the vernacular, just shows you. It shows you that more trouble is taken to counteract the weakness of our tyres than you would imagine. One might be guilty of the *cliché* referring to the heel of Achilles, but one is saved by the fact that the idol of the Greek army had only one, whereas cars have at least four, and sometimes five.

The really maddening feature of tyre-trouble in general is its lack of regularity. Every one of us with a few years' experience has known what it is to drive 8000, 10,000, and even 12,000 miles without being held up on the road; and every one of us has known, unless he be particularly lucky, what it is to have an endless crop of punctures and bursts beginning, sometimes, with a brand-new set of tyres. I have just known this latter horror myself, beginning a year of the blackest tyre trouble I can remember, before the car had covered 500 miles.

"Rotation of Crops."

There is also the perfectly inexplicable phenomenon of the "rotation" of tyre-trouble crops, when, after a long season of peace, you suddenly, for no reason you can discover, enter upon a period of devastating war. Tyre after tyre fails you, always unexpectedly, always when it is most inconvenient, never when there is any explanation for it. It is like an infectious disease which runs riot among your wheels. Indeed, I cannot think any fairy godmother need ask ninety-nine motorists out of a hundred what single wish they want granted.

A Possible Cure.

I am led to these hoary considerations because of a stuff called Bej, which has been sent to me to try. If the claims made for it are borne out in practice, we need not worry that godmother of ours about tyres. Punctures will be nightmares of the past, and we shall get out of that weary trick of looking at our tyres the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, to see if they show signs of approaching deflation. We shall, if Bej is and does what they say of it, remember our tyres only when their outer covers burst from vicious cuts or debility due to great age.

Bej—What It Is.

We shall know more of this later, but in the meantime I cannot help toying pleasurably with the magnificent idea of a complete absence of risk of tyre-deflation owing to puncture. It is an idea so gorgeous that it is rather difficult to assimilate. Unpuncturable tyres! After all these weary, costly years! Let your fancy dwell on it.

Bej, which is sold by Bej Motor Products, Ltd., 46, Lisle Street, London, W.C.2, is composed principally of mica flakes and powdered cork. It is stated to have no deleterious effects on rubber—at all events up to something like 50,000 miles, which one may take, at a conservative estimate, as three years' use in the hands of the average owner. Of this, as well as of other of the claims made for it, I am not yet in a position to write with knowledge, but the stuff is so interesting, its potentialities so great, and the cost of experiment so low that a preliminary description of the samples sent to me seems justified.

What It Does.

In the first place, it is extremely simple to apply. You stab a hole through the inner tube—a big nail or the shank of a file will do, provided you do not

[*Continued on page 294.*

AIR LINER'S RECORD PARIS-LONDON FLIGHT



On Sunday, Jan. 20th, the Imperial Airways' Argosy "The City of Glasgow," piloted by Mr. Walters, flew from Paris to London in one hour and forty-five minutes, constituting a record for so large a machine.

High speed and absolute reliability are essential to safe and successful air transport. It is therefore significant that the Armstrong-Siddeley "Jaguar" engines of the Argosy, and also the Napier "Lion" and Bristol "Jupiter" engines of the other luxurious Air Liners of Imperial Airways are all lubricated with—

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XIX.

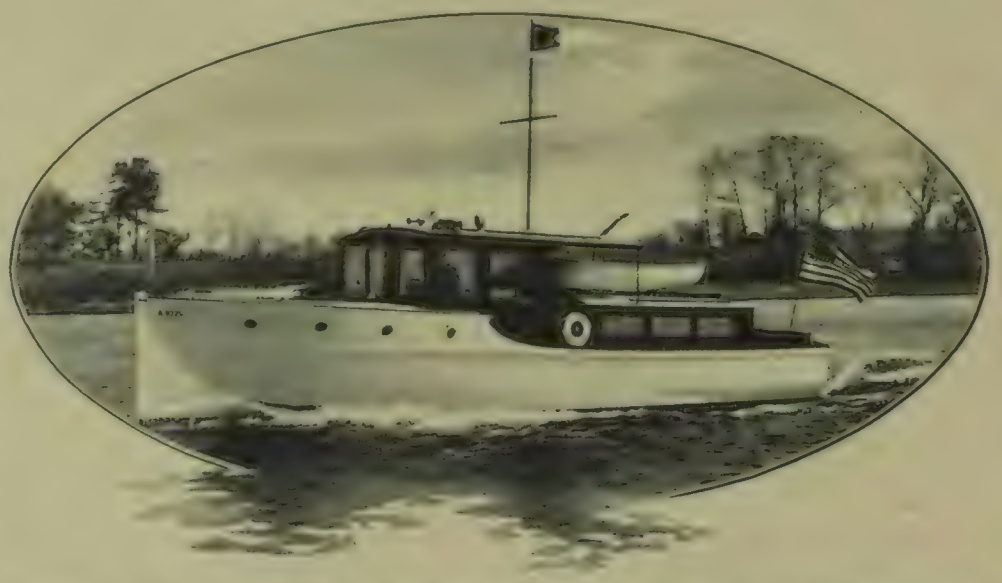
By Commander G. C. E. Hampden.

DOMESTIC REQUIREMENTS.

UNAPPETISING meals may divide the best assorted party, especially when afloat, and every possible aid to good cooking should therefore be studied. The position and ventilation of the galley, for instance, are important, if the smell of cooking throughout the vessel is to be avoided and the "cook's" temper left unruffled by complaints on the subject. The galley fittings also, and the way they are arranged, largely affect the class of meal possible.

I am a bad cook and dislike the work intensely, so I may be considered a good judge of how a galley should be fitted up in order to save the cook trouble. My ideal galley would be white-glazed throughout, with no enamel or paint that requires washing. An electric fan would be fitted to suck out all smells and expel them clear of other nostrils. Bright fittings would be of metal which does not require polishing. A stove with at least two hot-plates, an oven, a hot-box, and a small hot-water tank, or geyser, would be fitted athwartships and heated with dissolved acetylene, with a white-glazed sink at right angles to it, complete with non-splashing salt and fresh-water taps and plate racks above. Shallow lockers, drawers, or shelves would be fitted under the stove and sink, but would not extend down to the deck, and thereby make a home for dirt. Hooks for tea-cups and everything which will hang up would be provided round the sides overhead, leaving the centre clear for head-room. Finally, I would have that joy of all marine caravanners, a cold storage outfit, which, if room allowed, I would place opposite to the stove and well raised off the deck.

Unfortunately, cold storage systems, to be satisfactory, require separate electric generating plants, and in small cruisers lack of space may make this difficult; but the tiny compass into which a Stuart and Turner set will fit is surprising, and its cost compares well with that of a dynamo on the main engine. Cold storage outfits may be obtained on the deferred-payment system by those who must study economy, and they soon repay their purchasers, for they are great savers of food, whilst an outfit used at home can do duty afloat during the holidays, if required.



A TYPICAL AMERICAN 40-FT. FAST CRUISER, WITH A SIX-CYLINDER 150-H.P. KERMATH ENGINE.
This boat carries eight passengers and provides sleeping accommodation for four; also cooking facilities. Her speed is 17 m.p.h. These vessels can be obtained in this country from Messrs. George Spicer, of Brentford.

The alternative to a cold storage system is the antiquated ice-box or the more ancient meat-safe on deck; neither can provide storage for lengthy periods, and, though cruises are seldom long, it is a great advantage to be able to take away sufficient provisions to last a fortnight. It means that catering can be done in the cheapest market, and that there will be no early-morning grumble from the youngest member of the party when he goes for daily provisions. For those without any form of cooling arrangements who may require cold water on a hot day, I advise the Eastern Chatty principle, as practised in sailing-ships, where they fill a stout canvas bag with water and hang it in the sun; the evaporation thus set up makes the water delightfully cool, and the hotter the sun the better it becomes.

I have been asked why I advocate dissolved acetylene for cooking in preference to petrol as a fuel. I prefer the former because it has been proved to me to be safe, and it is turned "on" and "off" like the gas in a house, which everyone understands. If, on the other hand, the supply of gas runs out, primus burners may be used in place of the gas jets. Gas is a little more expensive than paraffin, but it is cleaner, less smelly, and never flavours the food like the latter. Petrol-stoves are also very clean, and petrol gas is satisfactory in houses, but, as I have not tried it in confined spaces such as boats, I await personal experience before I advocate the system, for I prefer to be over-careful where vessels are concerned.

China and glass make a great difference to the daintiness of a meal, but it is waste of money to invest in expensive sets, for frequent replacements are the rule. Personally, I support the Woolworth class, which seldom break, because no one minds if they do so. Finally, I come to the fresh-water problem. The supply is never sufficient, in my opinion, but it can be made to last longer if small baths are fitted and washing-up is done with sea water. If only some inventor would produce a compact distilling plant for motor cruisers, the last remaining domestic problem would vanish, and more women would be attracted to the pastime of marine caravanning.

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SUNSHINE SALOON

THIS IS BRITISH

H.P.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(*Continued from Page 290.*)

cut *away* any of the tube or make a cut larger than an inch.—and pour the stuff into the tube through an ordinary tin funnel, supplied. This takes a little time—a few minutes—as the flakes must be continually shaken to make them fall through the funnel. One tin, at 4s., is enough for one medium-sized tube.

You then twice fill with water the tin in which Bej is sold and pour it into the tube. That is all. You turn the tube round so that the stuff covers the hole you have made, inflate to a few pounds' pressure, and put it back in the outer cover.

The R.A.C. Report.

I have treated two inner tubes with Bej, one a victim of last summer's tyre-war, plentifully be-patched and, generally speaking, of Class C 3; one of Class A 2, in fairly good fettle. I have only driven them a few hundred miles as yet, and my observations on their effect on the general driving of the car are still far from complete, but the whole thing is so novel and interesting, and, as I said, its possibilities are so great, that I think it is only fair to give the gist of the report made by the R.A.C. on an official test of the mixture. Two new inner tubes, 28 by 4.95 in. were filled with Bej and fitted to the near front and off back wheels of a car weighing about 23 cwt. When properly inflated, six two-inch wire nails, 1-8 in. in diameter, were driven into each tyre. The car was then driven about five miles, after which the nails were pulled out, and the car driven forty-five miles. It was found that there was no drop in the pressure immediately after the tyres had had the nails driven into them, that there was an increase of pressure amounting to 2 lb. per square inch after the nails had been extracted, and an increase of 3 lb. at the end of the fifty miles' test run. The mixture adds about 2¾ lb. to the weight of the tyre, but I could not discover that, when fitted to the front wheels of my own car, it affected the steering in any way, up to a speed of sixty miles an hour. I was looking out very sharply for wheel-wobble or "shimmy," but I failed to find it. I hope to be able to give my full personal experience of it a little later. I wonder if this is going to prove a real fairy godmother business? Let us sincerely hope so.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE DUNE DWELLERS OF MONGOLIA.

(*Continued from Page 278.*)

through. Each time we were repulsed with heavy loss of gasoline, strength, and temper. Everyone was exhausted, and I decided to camp at the first water. My car had just run into a bank of shifting sand when I saw a well in the bottom of a shallow "blow out." It was a wretched place to camp, but there might be no more water for fifty miles.

Camp was pitched on the edge of a depression. I was sitting in the mess camp writing my notes when I heard Albert Thomson shout. He was just below me digging in the sand bank. Beside him lay a pile of artifacts. In his hand he held the leg bone of a large bird decorated with a beautiful geometric design. We were wild with excitement, for at last a Dune Dweller station containing bones had been discovered. I promised Thomson a bottle of champagne—when we returned to Peking! Fatigue and discouragement were forgotten, and we blessed the sand-bank which had stopped us at this heavenly spot. Of course, we prayed devoutly that human bones might be buried there for us to uncover. The excitement spread to our Chinese and Mongol assistants. In half an hour the sides and floor of the basin were being combed inch by inch. Someone found a hearth site right in the mouth of the "blow out," where camels walked over it every day on their way to the well. The clay was baked hard and black by fires that burned there thousands of years ago. Pond reserved that for most careful investigation. He sifted yards of sand through a fine wire screen and exposed the hearth for photographs.

Two days of work yielded a considerable quantity of bone, but all of it exceedingly brittle. Bird remains led all the rest, but teeth and bones of gazelle, wild ass, foxes, wolves, and kangaroo rats were there in numbers. Embedded in the baked clay of the hearth were the tiny bones of frogs. Evidently the Dune Dwellers knew a delicacy when they saw it. Most interesting of all was the discovery of a necklace made from the canine teeth of foxes. Each tooth was neatly drilled at the base. We recovered fifty-four teeth: probably more than that number formed the necklace. Small drilled fresh-water shells must also have been used for personal ornaments. We found here pestles and grinding-stones (*metates*) which, with other implements, definitely put this part of the culture as Neolithic. These were probably used to crush roots and seeds, as it is unlikely that the Dune Dwellers had developed agriculture of any sort.

Although we searched the entire depression on hands and knees, there was not a sign of human remains. In fact, the animal bones were preserved in only two or three small spots. It is probable, of course, that the Dune Dwellers buried their dead in certain selected localities, as did the Azilians, but I doubt if the bones have been preserved. If these people had lived in caves, as did many other primitive humans, their life history would be more easily read, for remains certainly would not all have been destroyed. But caves are virtually non-existent in Mongolia. The Dune Dwellers had to live in the open. Doubtless they made rude tents of skins and branches in the sand dunes, and probably chose sheltered banks for their camping places.

The grasslands of Eastern Mongolia at the edge of the desert were evidently the region of greatest concentration. That is quite natural, for even to-day that country has much more water than Central or Western Mongolia. Yet it is evident that the Dune Dwellers made excursions into the arid desert, and even lived continuously in favourable localities of the Central Gobi. They must have been a hardy race to have existed in such a rigorous country. When the study of the data and collections which our archæologists have made has been completed, doubtless we shall be able to add much more detail to the life story of these mysterious people of whom we have had such a fascinating glimpse.

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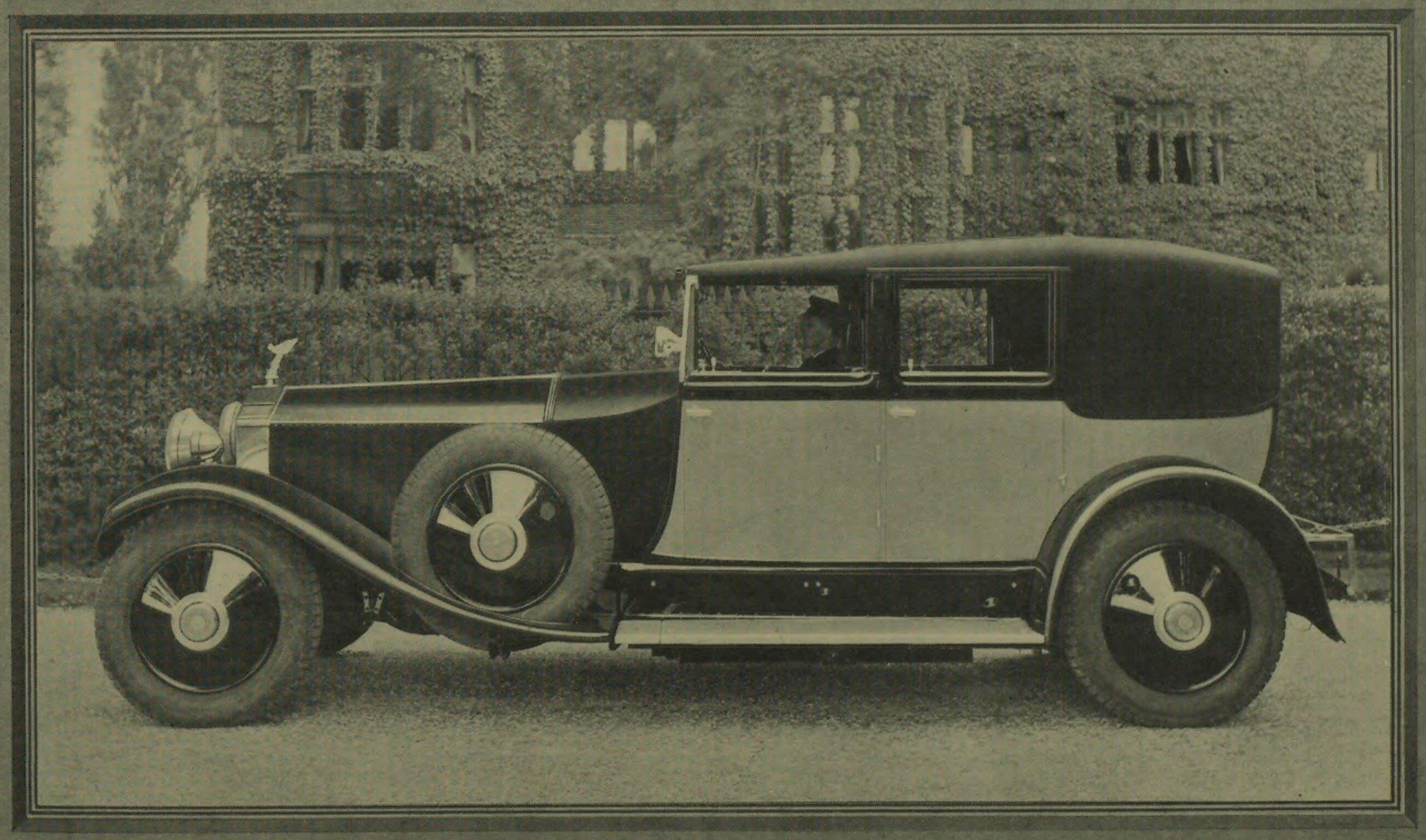
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THE LANSDOWNE HOUSE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH DECORATIVE AND DOMESTIC ART.

(See Illustrations on Page 283).

ON Monday, Feb. 18, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, there will be opened at Lansdowne House, lent by Mr. Gordon Selfridge, a loan exhibition of English decorative and domestic art in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. It will cover the period from the beginning of the sixteenth century, the age of the Tudors, to the nineteenth century, and promises to be of exceptional interest. The arrangements have been made by a small committee of which Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox is chairman. The King and Queen are enriching the exhibition by lending some choice examples from Windsor and from Buckingham Palace. Colleges both at Oxford and Cambridge, Winchester College, and the City Livery Companies have lent selected examples of their treasures, remarkable for beauty and rarity. The owners of historic country houses and well-known private collectors have also consented to show some of their best pieces. Consequently, this survey of English art over four centuries, and comprising plate, furniture, tapestries, and embroideries, should prove particularly attractive and valuable, especially in view of the display of Dutch art at Burlington House.

Among the tapestries are several fine representatives of the Sheldon looms, the first manufactory established in England—by William Sheldon in 1561. His object was double—to give work to unemployed weavers in the Midlands, especially in Worcestershire and Warwickshire, and at the same time to induce English patrons to buy home-woven tapestries and so prevent them from spending money abroad on Flemish tapestries. A portion of a map of Gloucestershire, lent by Viscount Ednam, woven about 1588, bears the arms of Ralph Sheldon, his son, who carried on the good work; and Colonel Howard's and Lady Barber's cushions are probably two of the three "fair window cushions of arras" mentioned in the Chastleton inventory of 1633. Also from Chastleton House came the panel of the History of Judah (Fig. 2, on page 283), lent by Mrs. Gubbay, which has a rich display of fruits and flowers, and also illustrates an Elizabethan bed.

There are two of the four Hatfield seasons, Spring and Summer (Fig. 5), dated 1611, lent by the Marquess of Salisbury. The rich colours and gay naturalism of these, delighting in fruit and flowers, are characteristically English, though the original designs were Flemish. Other fine tapestries include the Mortlake portrait of Sir Francis Crane, the first director of that factory, who died in 1636, and one of the "Acts of the Apostles" from Forde Abbey, after one of the famous Raphael cartoons. The Duke of Portland lends one of the well-known "Horsemanship" series, and the book and manuscript of the Marquess of Newcastle's treatise from which the design was taken. From Lord Iveagh comes the Battle of Solebay, a variant of one at Hampton Court, and showing the explosion of Lord Sandwich's flag-ship. The Duke of Rutland lends a "Playing Boys," and the Hon. H. and Mrs. McLaren a "Chinoiserie" of the Queen Anne period.

In embroideries the exhibition is rich in choice specimens. Mr. Franklin's large panel of *petit point* is most striking, and equally important are the valances lent by the Hon. Charles Clifford and Lord Forbes (Fig. 4). The last are connected by tradition with Mary Queen of Scots, perhaps incorrectly, and illustrate the story of Leto and Diana. The colours of the costumes are wonderfully rich. Lord St. John of Bletso's beautifully worked *petit point* table-cover, though it has been exhibited before, has perhaps never been displayed to such advantage. A particularly interesting group is collected round the portrait of Margaret Laton, who lived from 1579 to 1662, and is seen wearing an embroidered tunic and head-dress. Her actual tunic (Fig. 1) is lent by General Sir John Headlam, the owner of the portrait, and the type of head-dress is seen in a splendid example (Fig. 3) lent by Mr. Frank Ward, who has also sent a coronet cushion-cover of fine style (Fig. 6). Another embroidered tunic, with a charming pattern of flowers, clouds, rainbows, and raindrops, comes from Lord Stanley of Alderley, and other rare and beautiful Elizabethan pieces are shown by Sir John Carew Pole and Mr. Maxwell Stuart.

The age of the Stuarts is well represented by three perfect needlework pictures from Mr. W. J. Holt, Mr. F. Ward, and Mrs. Mott-Radclyffe, a mirror with Stuart portraits from Mr. R. Astley, and a splendid gilt mirror from Mr. Fiske's collection. There is a rich array of needlework caskets, including two from Sir William Plender and Mr. Richmond, with pastoral and garden scenes in high relief, resembling the new acquisition of the Victoria and Albert Museum described in these columns on March 5, 1928. Bed-curtains of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries show the evolution of the patterns, and illustrate the manners of the times. Other embroideries of the eighteenth century are plentifully represented by chair seats and screens, and several characteristic needlework pictures of the type usually called "Queen Anne." Mr. Frank Ward's "Spring" (Fig. 7) is dated 1730-9, and shows that the "Queen Anne" style of embroidery lasted to the beginning of the reign of George III.

CHESS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—A pretty ending, but, as you say, spoiled by the defence, KtK5ch.

C E DUNTON (Mill Hill).—You are quite right *re* Ace IV. (Mari); BB6 (an impossible move) should read BKt6, then KtR2 is mate, the R being obstructed by the B.

P J WOOD (Wakefield).—We think your idea of a revised and corrected edition of Taverner's classic might appeal to the *Daily News*. Why not write to the Editor?

A J FENNER, L J WICKEN, and M RUSSELL are thanked for problems. Mr. Russell's problem is spoiled by the necessity of providing for R×Rch, and is altogether a little too gauche.

RUDOLF L'HERMET.—Thank you for the three-er, for which, if as original as you suggest, we shall try to find room a little later.

M E JOWETT (Grange-over-Sands).—In Problem No. 4042, BB3 is met by RKt4.

F N (Vigo).—Your suggestion that each player, once in a game, should be permitted to take one of his own pieces, is certainly original and amusing; but is there really much wrong with the game as it stands?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 4039 received from R E Broughall Woods (Chilanga, N. Rhod.) and Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of Problem No. 4041 from Julio Mond (Seville), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), H Burgess (St. Leonards), and F N (Vigo); of Problem No. 4042 from A Edmeston (Llandudno), P J Wood (Wakefield), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H Burgess (St. Leonards), J Barry Brown (Naas), L W Cafferata (Newark), and Rev. W Scott.

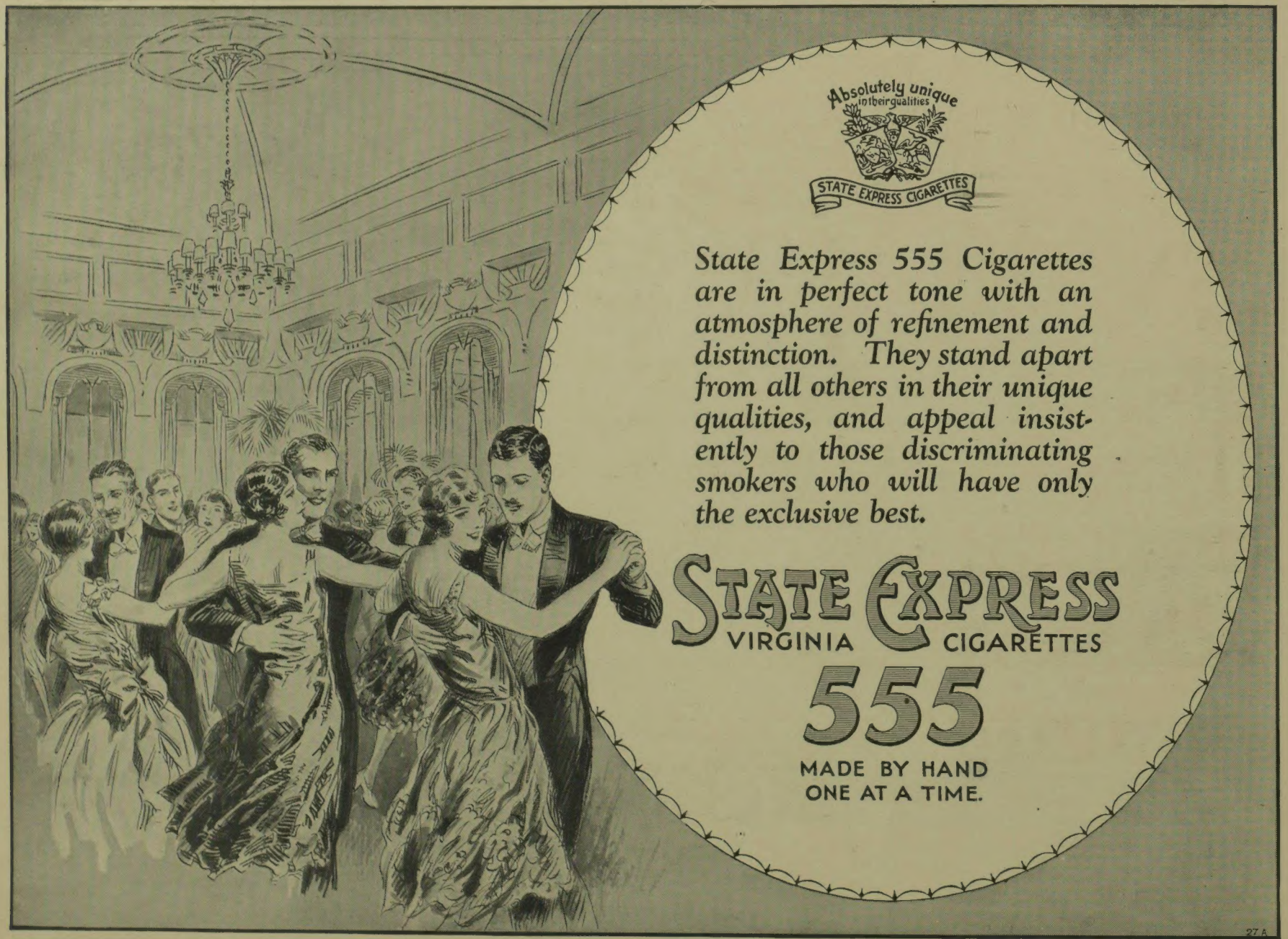
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF ALL THE "FIVE ACES" from Victor Holtan (Oshkosh), and additional of Ace IV. from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and Julio Mond (Seville).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM XIII. from J H E Jarvis (Pukehon, N.Z.); of No. XVI. from A Edmeston (Llandudno), H Burgess (St. Leonards), and Julio Mond (Seville); and of No. XVII. from F N (Vigo), and J Barry Brown (Naas).

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM NO. XVII.

[5rk1; 3P3p; p4qr1; 1p3S2; 5Q2; 5P2; 2p1PK1P; 3R4—White to move and draw.]

Not many of our readers have found Capablanca's boulder, which was RQ6! His opponent, Nimzowitch, apparently didn't see it coming either, and the game went: 1. —— QQ1; 2. QK5!, R×Kt; 3. QK8ch, RB1; 4. R×Rch, and draws by perpetual check. If 1. —— Q×R; 2. Kt×Q, R×Q; 3. P queens ch, RB1; 4. QB7, R×Kt; 5. Q×BP; and if 1. —— PB8(Q); 2. Q×Q, Q×Kt; 3. PQ8(Q), R×Q; 4. R×R(Q8)ch. Some commentators have described this as a lucky escape for the Cuban master, but we think we see something more than good fortune in the stroke. For instance, had Capablanca played 1. RQB1, then 1. —— RKt4; 2. PK4, QKt3ch, followed by one of the picturesque Homeric slayings.



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